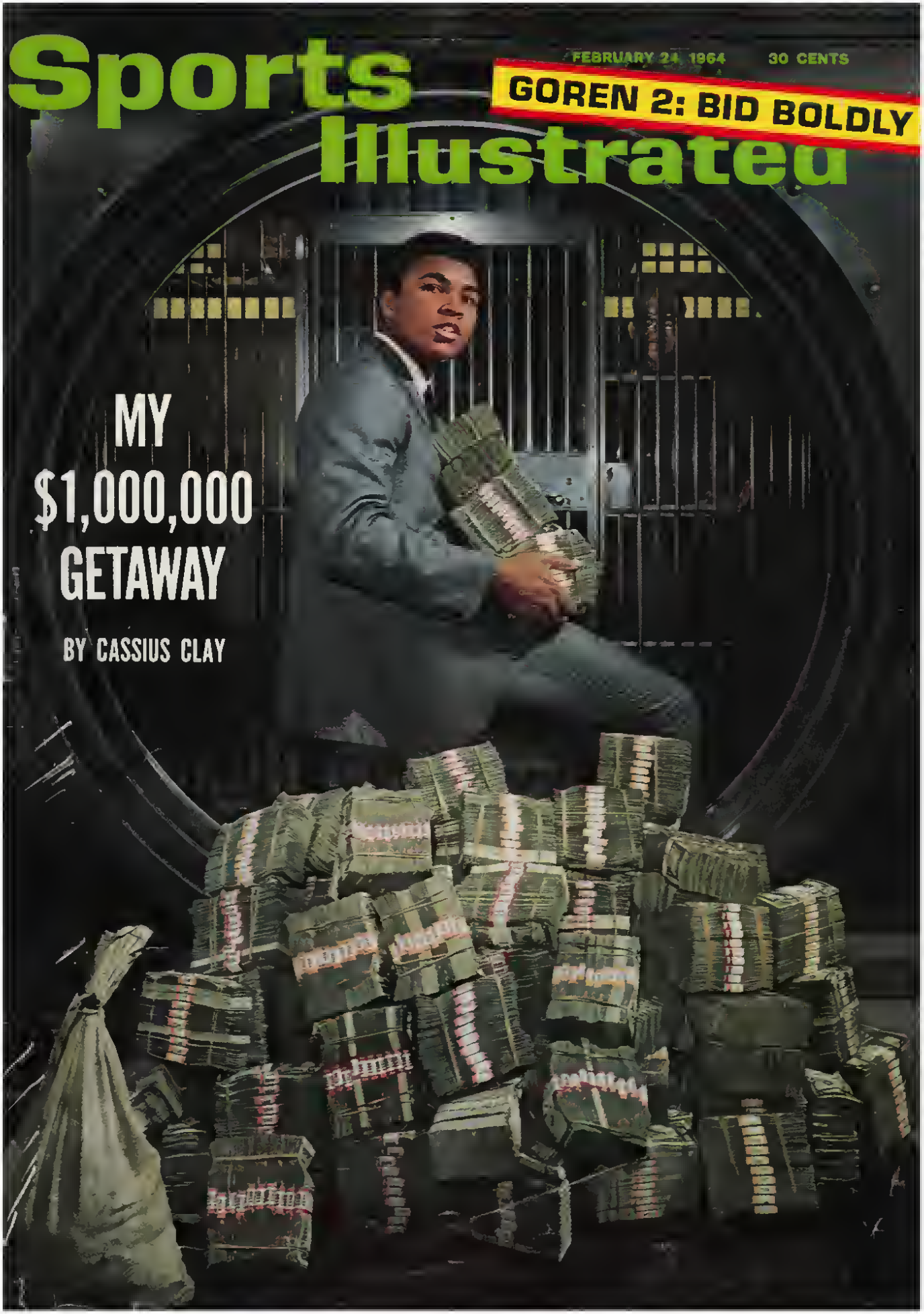
FEBRUARY 24, 1964 30 CENTS

Sports Illustrated

GOREN 2: BID BOLDLY



MY $1,000,000 GETAWAY

BY CASSIUS CLAY



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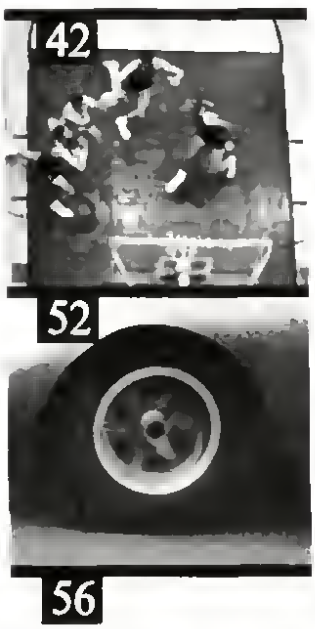
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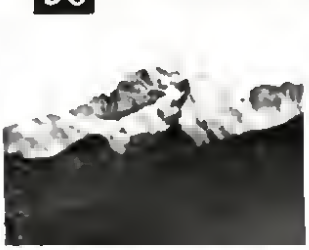
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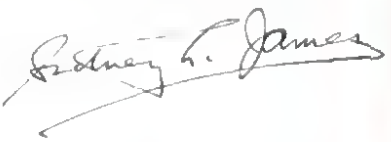
BASEBALL'S BATTLE of the season in New York has nothing to do with pennant races. The Yankees are fighting for their lives against the growing popularity of Casey's Mets.

THE DAYTONA 500 is the biggest show in stock car racing; Huston Horn reports on the event that shakes up the South and is a source of painful ulcers to the men of Detroit.

FRANCE'S FAMED POET, Jean Cocteau, was a man of many vocations, but the least known and strangest was his two-year role as the manager of a world-champion boxer.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



That is one million dollars Cassius Clay is posing with on our cover this week, and the money is real—it's fresh bread, and it represents rather dramatically what the 22-year-old Cassius will have earned in his brief career after his fight next week with Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston (*see page 14*). The picture idea occurred to our editors last fall, and on the surface it seemed like a fairly simple problem: get Cassius, get a million dollars, put them together, take a picture.

But there are rules and regulations governing the photographing of U.S. money. Washington Correspondent Martie Zad spoke to Edgar Wildy, the Treasury Department's Assistant Chief of Secret Service, and reported, "No bill can be distinguishable. No part of the bill showing its denomination can be shown. Bills can be stacked so that their edges show and so that the figures on the straps around the bundles show, but no bill itself should be readable." Zad cited Title 18, U.S. Code, Section 474, which among other things mentions 15 years in prison. He said that we should submit any photograph we hoped to use to Mr. Wildy for approval. We said we would, we would.

Next, Associate Editor Huston Horn located Cassius Clay in New York and asked him if he would have time to pose for a photograph in a day or so. "Something kind of different," Horn said, "like that picture we did showing you in front of Big Ben in London" (SI, June 10). Cassius said, "Maybe like me with a million dollars, huh?" Flabbergasted, Horn said, "Well, as a matter of fact, yes." They set a date.

Cassius was ready, but the $1 million was not. We had not realized how long it takes just to count $1 million. Too, we wanted small bills, like fives and tens, in order to get the biggest pile of money possible, but the smallest denomination quickly available in large amounts was $100. We had to postpone everything.

Cassius wandered off again, but he said he would be in Los Angeles the first week of December and he agreed to pose there. We called the Bank of America and spoke to Vice-President Selden Clark, who by happy coincidence just a few weeks earlier had superintended the public display of $1 million in a glass case in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Our problem was practically routine for Mr. Clark.



MEEK (LEFT) AND CLAY HELP STACK A MILLION

And so, one December morning, Cassius, Mr. Clark, the million dollars and Photographer Dick Meek rendezvoused at a vault in a Bank of America branch. Meek's attitude toward the money was in the finest tradition of objective journalism. "I wasn't taken very emotionally with it," he reported, "because I knew it wasn't mine." He sounded a bit wistful.

Back in New York the color film was processed, and Picture Editor John Stebbins took the print to Washington to show Secret Service Man Wildy. Mr. Wildy was cordial and approving and after examining the print wrote, "In our opinion not in conflict with existing laws in its present form, i.e., faces or backs which show may not be more distinct. E. W. Wildy, U.S.S.S. 12/26/63."

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GOLFING EVENTS

Professional tour through June 19

FEBRUARY 20 PGA Caracas Open, Valle Arriba Country Club, Caracas, Venezuela, $11,000 (through February 23)

FEBRUARY 27 PGA Greater New Orleans Open, Lakewood Country Club, New Orleans, $50,000 PGA Los Lagartos International, Los Lagartos Country Club, Bogota, Colombia, $11,000 (both through March 1)

MARCH 5 PGA Pensacola Open, Pensacola Country Club, Pensacola, Fla., $30,000, PGA Puerto Rico Open, Dorado Hilton course, Dorado P.R., $9,000 (both through March 8)

MARCH 12 PGA St. Petersburg Open, Lakewood Country Club, St. Petersburg, $25,000 (through March 15)

MARCH 19 PGA Doral Open, Doral Country Club, Miami, $50,000 LPGA Women's Western Open, Scenic Hills Country Club, Pensacola, Fla., $7,500 (both through March 22)

MARCH 26 PGA Azalea Open, Cape Fear Country Club, Wilmington, N.C., $20,000 (through March 29)

APRIL 2 PGA Greater Greensboro Open, Sedgefield Country Club, Greensboro, N.C., $35,000 LPGA St. Petersburg Open, Sunset Golf Club, St. Petersburg, $1,000 (both through April 5)

APRIL 9 PGA Masters, Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga., $20,000 (through April 12)

APRIL 10 LPGA Baton Rouge Open, Sherwood Forest Country Club, Baton Rouge, $7,500 (through April 12)

APRIL 17 LPGA Peach Blossom, Spartanburg Country Club, Spartanburg, S.C., $7,500 (through April 19)

APRIL 23 LPGA Titleholders Championship, Augusta Country Club, Augusta, Ga., $7,500 minimum (through April 26)

APRIL 30 PGA Tournament of Champions, Desert Inn Country Club, Las Vegas, $65,000 (through May 3)

MAY 1 LPGA Alexandria Ladies Open, Alexandria Golf & Country Club, Alexandria, La., $8,000 (through May 3)

MAY 7 PGA National Invitation, Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth, $75,000 (through May 10)

MAY 8 LPGA Squirt Ladies' Open, Glen Echo Country Club, St. Louis, $12,500 (through May 10).

MAY 13 PGA Oklahoma City Open, Quail Creek Country Club, Oklahoma City, $35,000 (through May 17)

MAY 15 LPGA Muskogee Civitan Open, Muskogee Country Club, Muskogee, Okla., $8,000 (through May 17)

MAY 21 LPGA Dallas Civitan Open, Glen Lakes Country Club, Dallas, $12,500 (through May 24)

MAY 28 PGA Memphis Open, Colonial Country Club, Memphis, $50,000 (through May 31)

MAY 26 LPGA Babe Zaharias Open, Beaumont Country Club, Beaumont, Texas, $8,500 (through May 31)

JUNE 4 PGA Thunderbird Classic, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., $100,000 (through June 7)

JUNE 10 LPGA Lady Carling Eastern Open, Pleasant Valley Country Club, Worcester, Mass., $10,000 minimum (through June 21)

SCORECARD

PALMER SPEAKS OUT

The biggest voice in golf, Arnold Palmer, did some talking last week and it is hoped that someone was listening. Palmer is a pleasant man, and it goes against his grain to be publicly critical. He has long avoided the role of spokesman. But now, with the Professional Golfers' Association engaged in open war with tournament sponsors over TV rights, Palmer decided to speak up. He said it was "ridiculous" that important decisions on long-range PGA policy—including TV rights—should be in the hands of a players' committee. Touring Pro Jay Hebert, who heads that committee, should not be in the position of negotiating such vital and complex issues, said Palmer, and it can only be expected that Hebert would be the first to agree. As to the tournament manager of the PGA, Jim Gaquin, Palmer called him a "very fine guy and quite capable in his field—but his field is public relations." Gaquin is a most able organizer, but, said Palmer, "he knows little about the actual operations of the tour." What the PGA must have, said Palmer, is a single strong executive—in short, its own version of a Judge Landis. Gaquin reacted with understandable ire. "Why, Arnie would love a czar until the fellow told him to do something he didn't want to do and then Arnie would turn on him," he said.

Perhaps. But the point Palmer is making should not be lost in an exchange of angry words. The fact is that the PGA's problems keep getting more involved as golf keeps growing. It is time for a classified ad: "Wanted—a very tough administrator."

DOG DEFECTS

A major difficulty in raising show dogs is that inbreeding tends to concentrate faults just as intensely as good points. In Britain, a group of veterinarians has just finished surveying 120 breeds and has found only 17 free from defects. Among the healthy breeds: foxhounds, Irish wolfhounds, otter hounds, Gordon and English setters, springer spaniels, Manchester terriers and Italian greyhounds.

There are five main defects that breeders will now try to eliminate: weak hips (noted particularly in Alsatians, Labradors and boxers); slipping kneecaps (miniature and toy poodles, Yorkshire terriers and griffons); bad eyes (miniature poodles, Irish setters and Labs); soft palates (bulldogs, pugs and pekingese) and ingrown eyelids (Chows, spaniels and golden retrievers). Breeds that were once among the most popular in Britain are dropping further because of bad temperament. Cocker spaniels and miniature poodles are particularly afflicted. Says ex-President Brian Singleton of the Small Animals Veterinary Association: "Our standards must be altered. The standards of prize-winning are obviously not compatible with healthy dogs. The situation can only be altered by scrapping standards which may be thought pretty but which border, frankly, on monstrosities."

HARD TO FIGURE

The Kentucky Derby is only 10 weeks off, and in most years there would be a definite winter favorite at this stage. But right now the experts feel the race is unusually hard to figure. Caliente's Tony Alessio, whose famed Derby Future Book will not open officially until next month, has Raymond Guest's Chieftain and George Pope's Hill Rise (Pope won with Decidedly two years ago) as co-favorites at 4–1. Right behind them come the Canadian-owned Northern Dancer, Roman Brother and Ishkoodah.

ARGUMENT

High school and college authorities are understandably angry because the American Broadcasting Company now proposes to televise five National Football League games on Friday nights this fall. The schoolmen contend that the televised games would damage, if not annihilate, attendance at their games. The arguing has gotten rather high flown, so much so that one would think from published comments that Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine had locked horns over the nature of grace. What is involved here is nothing so weighty. This is a business argument. Some of the business may be sharp, but it is a business argument nonetheless.

ONE UP

The Toronto Maple Leafs of the National Hockey League are so desperate to win a game that they will try anything—even reading. Just before the Leafs took a train to Montreal last week for a game with the Canadiens, a breathless messenger arrived with 25 copies of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*. The books had been bought by Coach Punch Imlach, who



ordered the losing Leafs to spend the trip reading. The players read the book on the train, but, alas, they lost to the Canadiens, 4–0.

This is easily understandable. Imlach picked up the idea from Canadien Forward Bob Rosseau, who credits a good part of his success this year to having read the book. But the clever Rosseau was one up on the Leafs when they arrived. He was already halfway through reading the sequel, *A Guide to Confident Living*.

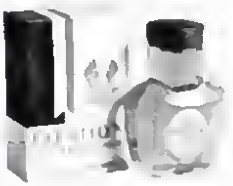
WESTWARD NO

The floundering fathers of the United States Lawn Tennis Association met in Corpus Christi, Texas last week and shifted this year's Davis Cup Challenge Round west of Forest Hills. Rashness is not the USLTA's suit, so west turned out to be Cleveland, not Los Angeles, which was seeking Cup play. L.A. is a natural site for the games; southern California is, after all, tennis-mad. But after New York lost out in the voting, almost

continued

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all the Eastern support swung behind Cleveland, which won in a close 17-15 ballot. One Forest Hills backer could not even go that far west: he was so distraught he refused to vote.

Cleveland boosters are planning to build a 10,000-seat stadium. It must be a good one to draw the crowds, for the matches will be held September 25–27, at the start of the football season, the end of the pennant race and a week after the USGA Amateur Championship is played in Cleveland itself.

The new courts will be composition, marking the first time in the U.S. that a Challenge Round has not been played on grass. The surface will resemble that of the courts in River Forest, Ill., where the National Clay Court Championships are held—and where our top players, Chuck McKinley and Dennis Ralston, have always done well.

WELCOME, SPORTSMAN

The first four rows of seats for the Liston-Clay fight in Miami Beach's Convention Hall are known as the Golden Circle. Seats cost $250 each and are sold, says Promoter Bill MacDonald, "to distinguished sportsmen only." How does a person qualify? "It's easy," says one buyer. "You go up to the ticket seller's window and say, 'I want one of those Golden Circle seats.' The seller then asks, 'Are you a distinguished sportsman?' 'Here's the $250,' you say. 'You are indeed a distinguished sportsman,' the seller says. 'Here is your ticket.' "

WARM UP

The thing to do below the Mason-Dixon Line these days is to watch the University of Tennessee basketball team warm up. It is said to be worth an all-night bus ride.

Pep signs line the corridors of the Tennessee field house, including one that says: "When you call on a Thoroughbred, he gives you all the muscle, heart and sinew at his command. When you call on a jackass, he kicks."

The team bursts onto the floor through the double swinging doors—over which is a 20-foot-high orange "T"—accompanied by a covey of girls, to the tune of *Sweet Georgia Brown*. After the players pass the ball over and under and do some behind-the-back dribbling, they dunk a two-toned basketball to the tune of *Dixie*. Then a robed troupe of fraternity men parades out to "Klux" the op-

continued



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posing team. After that all the lights go out except one. In comes a color guard to play the national anthem. At the end of that, the players all run out under the spotlight, one behind the other, and bash the ball on the backboard without letting it touch the floor until the last one of them, who is 6 feet 8, throws it through the hoop. Then they begin to play after they get the chorus-line twirler girls off the court.

Some folks even stay for the game.

FRANKNESS

There is nothing like being frank about college football. And Dr. James A. McCain, president of Kansas State University, is nothing if not that. For years, the K-State football team has been a flop in the Big Eight, but last week Dr. McCain announced the start of a crash program to make the school a powerhouse. The coach is getting a raise and a brand new assistant, and the number of football scholarships is being boosted from 80 to 110. Says Dr. McCain: "Universities are considered great because they are in athletic conferences with schools that are great." Good lord, McCain, have you never heard of Harvard?

ATTAWAY CHATAWAY

The British invented gamesmanship, and now they have invented bridgemanship. Bridgemanship, according to L. Broom and J. H. Smith in a scholarly article in *The British Journal of Sociology*, is the art of using one's occupation to acquire social mobility. Certain occupations, such as domestic service, military service and schoolteaching, foster bridgemanship. A sewing maid, for instance, can move on to become a milliner, and a chauffeur a garage owner. A butler has almost unlimited horizons since he, of all servants, has "the greatest opportunity to observe and practise the roles of command, to observe the nuances of upper-class interaction and culture."

But it is athletes to whom Sociologists Broom and Smith tip their hats. "The athlete's career is short and leaves the occupant ordinarily in fair command of his faculties," they write. "Even if his reputation is modest he will be accounted a public figure in his home community." An athlete can build himself a "monument" by opening a bar or restaurant, he can become a salesman, enter broadcasting, journalism, show business or politics. Broom and Smith cite Chris

continued

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Chataway, the miler, on whom they bestow "an all-comers award for bridgemanship." They point out that in little over a decade Chataway has been an athlete, sports journalist, brewery executive, TV newscaster and interviewer, member of Parliament and junior minister in the Conservative government.

MONKEY BUSINESS

A 4½-year-old chimpanzee named Peter lives in an animal park in Goteborg, Sweden. Last fall a couple of newspapermen on the *Goteborgs-Tidningen* got the idea that maybe Peter could paint pictures. On the sly, they gave the chimp a palette, paints, brushes and canvas, and Peter promptly set to work. Recently the newspapermen picked out four of Peter's better paintings and slipped them into a local art show to see what the critics would say. The paintings were signed Pierre Brassau, who was described as an unknown French painter. The critics fell for the monkey business, especially Rolf Anderberg of the morning *Posten*, who wrote rapturously: "Pierre Brassau paints with powerful strokes but also with clear determination. His brush strokes twist with a furious fastidiousness on the canvas." Critic Anderberg then went on to compare Pierre with another painter in the show. The other painter, Anderberg wrote, was ponderous but "Pierre is an artist who performs with the delicacy of a ballet dancer."

When the hoax was revealed, Anderberg was bitter. He insisted that Pierre's work was "still the best painting in the exhibition." He may be right. A private collector bought one canvas for $90.

THEY SAID IT

- British Runner Joy Grieveson, on hearing that North Korea's Sin Kim Dan, world's fastest woman at 400 meters, had been declared ineligible for the Olympics: "I must admit I am relieved."
- Baltimore City Councilman Dominic Leone, seeking to lower the age requirements for nighttime pool-hall players: "By getting the boys in the pool halls and off the streets, we will occupy their time in healthy recreation."
- Pitcher Jim O'Toole, after conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra at a special concert: "At least when you're on the podium no one takes you out in the seventh inning." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 24, 1964

BY CASSIUS CLAY

'I'M A LITTLE SPECIAL'

Everybody is familiar with the public image of the challenger for Sonny Liston's heavyweight title: a loudmouth and braggart who spouts obvious verse. What Clay has seldom let the world see is the sober, ambitious man inside the child's skin. Here, at last, he reveals his true nature, in which zaniness is always a calculated ingredient

If I were like a lot of guys—a lot of heavyweight boxers, I mean—I'll bet you a dozen doughnuts you wouldn't be reading this story right now. If you wonder what the difference between them and me is, I'll break the news: you never heard of them. I'm not saying they are not good boxers. Most of them—people like Doug Jones and Ernie Terrell—can fight almost as good as I can. I'm just saying you never heard of them. And the reason for that is because they cannot throw the jive. Cassius Clay is a boxer who can throw the jive better than anybody you will probably ever meet anywhere. And right there is why I will meet Sonny Liston for the heavyweight championship of the world next week in Miami Beach. And jive is the reason also why they took my picture looking at $1 million in cold cash [*see cover*]. That's how much money my fists and my mouth will have earned by the time my fight with Liston is over. Think about that. A southern colored boy has made $1 million just as he turns 22. I don't think it's bragging to say I'm something a little special.

Where do you think I would be next week if I didn't know how to shout and holler and make the public sit up and take notice? I would be poor, for one thing, and I would probably be down in Louisville, Ky., my home town, washing windows or running an elevator and saying "yes suh" and "no suh" and knowing my place. Instead of that, I'm saying I'm one of the highest-paid athletes in the world, which is true, and that I'm the greatest fighter in the world, which I hope and pray *is* true. Now the public has heard me talk enough and they're saying to me, "Put up or shut up." This fight with Liston is truly a command performance. And that's exactly the way I planned it.

Part of my plan to get the fight has made me say some pretty insulting things about Sonny Liston, but I might as well tell you I've done that mostly to get people to talking about the fight and to build up the gate. I actually have a certain amount of respect for Liston; he's the champion, isn't he? That doesn't mean I think he's going to stay champion. I have too much confidence in my own ability to think I'm beaten before we start. I do mean he is a strong, hard puncher, and he's not a fighter anybody can laugh at. When I walk into a room where he is and see him staring at me with that mean, hateful look, I want to laugh, but then I think maybe it's not so funny. I'm pretty sure the way he acts is just a pose, the same way I have a pose, but that look of his still shakes me. I wonder what's really going on in that head of his, and I wonder what poor, humble Floyd Patterson was thinking when he had to climb into the ring with Liston.

But I am not fooled by what Liston did to Patterson once they started to fight. Liston didn't do anything except hit Floyd while he stood there and took it. Now don't think for even a little bit I'm going to stand around for Liston to do with as he pleases. The way I plan for things to go *is* to stay out of his way during the early rounds, and I count on him to wear himself out chasing me. I'll circle him and jab him and stick and fake, dogging him most of the time and tying him up when he gets too close. He won't be able to hurt what he can't even hit.

Otherwise, I'll fight him the same as I've fought the others. I've been criticized for leaning away from the other man's punches instead of ducking, but I'm not going to change my style. Leaning away is a faster reflex than ducking and I'll go on doing it until somebody proves it's a mistake—and that somebody has got to be another boxer, not a trainer. They also tell me I carry my hands too low—that it's showoff and dangerous. Well, I just answer have you ever seen a mirage on the desert? You walk along looking for a drink of water, and suddenly you see a lake and you jump in. All you get is a mouthful of sand. Mr. Liston will get a mouthful of leather the same way.

So I'm saying I will win this fight in the eighth round because I think Liston will be worn out by then. If he's not, I sure can go on longer until he is. I'm 22 and he's 34 or 36 and I just don't believe he can outlast me. If I don't win the fight in any round—and "if" is a big word—if I don't win, I still think I will have given Liston a good fight and there is bound to be a rematch. That wouldn't bother

me too much, either, because that way I'll be able to have another big payday. I'll just start hollering, "Look out, world, here I come again. I didn't feel too good that night, but now I'm on my way back." I don't think I'd have too much trouble drawing another crowd.

I don't seem to have trouble drawing a crowd anywhere. I can even do it on the sidewalks of New York, where people are used to everything. But when I get a crowd around me, somebody always wants to know if I'm really like the way I act. Well, of course I'm like I act or else I couldn't act this way. But what I have done is to exaggerate the natural way I am. I wouldn't sit around my house shouting and carrying on if it was just me and my folks, but I would if there was anybody else there to hear me. I do that for the reason I've already said: to attract attention and to get rich. I don't really love to fight, you see, but as long as I'm doing it I sure don't want to do it for free. I've been boxing since I was 12 years old and I'm getting mighty tired of training and always having somebody trying to pop me in the mouth. But I probably won't ever get tired of money. I love money and we're going to go on like that for a long, long time. The fame and pride of doing something real well —like being the world champion—is a pretty nice thing to think about sometimes, but the money I'm making is nice to think about *all* the time. I suppose it's the one thing that keeps me going.

I remember one day in Louisville I was riding a bus reading in the paper about Patterson and Ingemar Johansson. It was right after I had won the Olympic gold medal in Rome and had turned professional, and I was confident then I could beat either one of them if I had the chance. But I knew I wouldn't get the chance because nobody much had ever heard of me. So I said to myself, how am I going to get a crack at the title? Well, on that bus I realized I'd never get it just sitting around thinking about it. I knew I'd have to start talking about it—I mean really talking, screaming and yelling and acting like some kind of a nut. I thought if I did that people would pretty soon hear enough of that and insist I meet whomever was champion. I would be like Georgeous George, the wrestler, who got so famous by being flashy and exaggerating everything and making people notice him.

You can see how it has turned out—just the way I wanted it to. I started off slow because I was feeling my way, but pretty soon I caught on to what reporters like to hear and what would make the public pay attention. I told this man I was going to knock that boy down in the sixth round, and then I did. I said I am the greatest, I am a ball of fire. If I didn't say it, there was nobody going to say it for me. Then people commenced to say, "What's that loudmouth talking about?" and it grew and it grew. And pretty soon other people were saying I'm the greatest, and I said, "Didn't I tell you so in the first place?" And you know what? The more I talked, the more I convinced myself. I believe in myself so much by now it's embarrassing.

All the time I was building myself up, of course, I was fighting and winning. I don't pretend I fought a lot of great boxers in the beginning, because I certainly did not. I fought a bunch of bums exactly like Liston and Patterson did when they were starting out. But every time I won a fight, I also made a lot of fresh enemies. One thing people can't stand is a blowhard, and the more I blew, the more people would come out to see me get beaten. I said I was pretty (I'm not as pretty as I let on), I said I was fast, I said I was terrific and it got so you couldn't keep people away. And those that got in would yell, "Take away his pink Cadillac, the bum," and, "Bash in his pretty nose," and, "Button his fat lip." Well, that's just fine. I don't really care what people say about me personally as long as they buy a ticket to come see me. After they pay their money, they're entitled to a little fun.

After the Doug Jones fight in Madison Square Garden last year, for instance, people who thought Jones should have had the decision got so mad they didn't know what to do. They were booing and screaming and trying to get at me as I walked out of the ring. So I just yelled right back at them to shut up or I'd beat their ears off, and all the way to the dressing room I was thinking, "Cassius, you are even better than Gorgeous George. You have just made a whole lot more enemies and every one of them will be back for your next fight. Only then the tickets are going to cost more."

Of course, the real way I built up my fame was by predicting the round I would knock out some guy. I forget now when I first started doing that and how many times it has worked, but I know it has worked most of the time. How do I do it? I do it by trying extra hard and the other boxer helps by worrying extra hard. Sometimes, though, I tell reporters who don't know me that I hear voices in the night saying, "You'll win in five, no jive," or something. I did that in England when I fought Henry Cooper and the reporters' eyes got big and round and they wrote down every word. Those English were sure I was crazy. The only voices I hear, of course, are people telling me I can't do what I say.

Already they're saying I can't get Liston in eight. Maybe I can and maybe I can't, but you better believe he's wondering about the same thing right this minute. If I do get him like I say, there won't be anybody who will care, because they'll be for Liston anyway. It's easier to like an ugly old man than it is to like a loudmouth kid, and everybody wants him to teach me a lesson. But just as sure as I do the teaching and win, people will say, "Aw, so what? Liston was a nothing anyway." People are hypocrites, if you don't know that already.

Folks ask me what I'll do if I win and what I'll do if I don't win, but I don't have the answer yet. I have to go into the Army pretty soon, and after that I don't know. Maybe I'll build a big housing project and get married and settle down and think about being rich. But I'm not too worried. I think I can make it in something else the same way I've made it in boxing. If things go wrong in the fight, I'll just wait a while. Summertime comes, flowers start blooming, little birds start flying and you wake up, get up and get out. You change with the times.

CONTINUED

A SPECIAL VIEW OF THE CAMP OF THE CHAMP





Some said it was the moon. Others blamed it on the weather, which had turned dismal. But those closest to Sonny Liston knew better: it was Cassius Clay. "I tell you Sonny hates Clay," said one. The champion meant business, and flushed angrily when photographers' flashbulbs popped in his face, shattering his concentration. To penetrate



the gloom of Liston's Miami Beach training quarters. Artist Douglas Gorsline executed this multiple-image drawing, in which Liston is shown working harder than he ever did before. The usual hangers-on were banished from the Spartan camp, and the few who remained—among them Liston's trainer, Willie Reddish (in buttoned sweater), *his manager, Jack Nilon* (below Reddish)*—watched in somber silence as Liston sharpened his reflexes on the speed bag, skipped rope and pounded the heavy bag. The one bright spot in the oppressive atmosphere was the vibrantly feminine Mrs. Liston, Geraldine, always present and ready to calm smoldering Sonny, who seemed bent on murder.*

CONTINUED



Massively muscled Sonny Liston, here benging Floyd Petterson with e powerful laft, can teke out a fighter even as big es Cley with one punch

LISTON'S EDGE: A LETHAL LEFT

Sonny Liston is heavily favored to retain his championship, but it is a mistake to count Clay out until Sonny has nailed him. Clay is strong, and if he can avoid Liston's paralyzing left he can, just possibly, win **by TEX MAULE**

Sonny Liston, the heavyweight champion of the world, will meet his match next Tuesday night in Convention Hall in Miami Beach—his match, that is, in confidence, arrogance and psychological left jabs. Unfortunately for Cassius Marcellus Clay, he is not yet a match for Liston in the somewhat more pertinent matters of ring craftsmanship, punching power and the ability to take a smart clip on the jaw with no loss of equanimity or senses.

Both Liston and Clay have predicted early knockouts. No one who has seen any of Liston's last three fights—each of which went less than a round—can doubt his ability to end any bout suddenly and dramatically. But Clay is a good fighter, better than his constant bragging would lead one to believe. He can, and should, make a battle of it.

A great deal depends upon Clay's power of concentration; more accurately, upon his span of attention. He has a history of showing a curiously casual attitude at one time or another in most of his professional fights. Three times this inattention to the matter at hand has resulted in his being deposited abruptly on the seat of his pants by punchers



of far less authority than Liston. It is beside the point that in each case Clay fought back savagely to win either by a knockout or by a technical knockout.

The same carelessness against Liston would end the fight. Even if Clay were fortunate enough to keep a few of his senses after Liston dropped him, it is doubtful that he would retain enough of his marvelous speed and coordination to hold off the ensuing brutal attack by the champion.

Angelo Dundee, who trains Clay, has devised an intelligent battle plan for him. "We have many assets," Dundee said as he watched Clay working in his Fifth Street Gym training quarters. "Clay has a style Liston has never seen before. He is much faster than Liston. He has the faculty of getting under Liston's skin and he will not be browbeaten by him. Cassius respects the champion, but really, deep down inside himself, Clay thinks he is unbeatable. And he can hit Sonny with every punch he has. Sonny isn't hard to hit. We can beat Liston with quantity and consistency. We can hit him with uppercuts. Left and right. Cassius is the only heavyweight in the world with a good left uppercut, and Liston can be hit easy with uppercuts.

"If you built a prototype of what kind of fighter can whip Liston, you couldn't improve on Clay. He hits hard, he moves, he has every punch in the book. We can knock Liston out in the 11th or 12th round by wearing him down with the quantity of punches. If Cassius will do what he is told."

He said the last words wistfully, for Clay is not known for his coachability. "It makes you want to cry," says Solomon McTier, who was a good heavyweight himself until he got a detached retina and Dundee made him quit. McTier is a big, quiet, thoughtful man who is a part of Clay's entourage and who has a vast respect for Cassius' physical ability. "You see this kid, the way he can go, the things he can do. He can be a great man if he only does what he is told. All he needs to be afraid of is Clay. If he keeps his cool and outboxes and outfoxes Liston—which he can do with ease—he can win without any trouble. He's the most wonderful boxer there is. Liston could be just another sparring partner for him. But he gets carried away. He's young and restless and foolish sometimes."

In one memorable workout before this fight, Clay demonstrated just how effective he can be when he uses all his speed and his wide assortment of punches. On a Sunday afternoon he sparred a full six rounds with the two massive heavyweights Dundee had imported to impersonate Liston, Harvey Cody Jones and Dave Bailey, both of whom are tall, slab-muscled 215-pounders. Both hit very hard and both worked against Clay in deadly seriousness, doing their utmost to destroy him.

In earlier workouts Clay had seemed listless, often careless. In this one he seemed determined to prove something to himself. He wasted no time on impromptu speeches to the crowd on the excellence of Cassius Clay and he eschewed the farcical interchange of slogans with Drew (Bundini) Brown, his foil in the low vaudeville act with which he usually enlivens his training sessions. Clay's little-boy face was grim and cruel and he fought viciously.

One felt that this was a true dress rehearsal for the main event. In it, Clay followed almost to perfection the Dundee war plan. He circled to the left, away from the biggest gun in the Liston arsenal, the left hook, moving with the fluid speed that always surprises observers. He hit in quick, deceptively easy-looking combinations, the long left jab very accurate. It was hard to realize how hard he was hitting until one saw the head of his sparring partner snap back from the force of the blow. At one point Jones came to the ropes between rounds with a thin smear of blood trickling from his

continued

nose, despite the protection of a face guard.

Twice in the course of the six rounds Clay had his sparring partners dazed and ready for the kill. Each time he let up long enough for them to recover. Once he hit Dave Bailey with a snapping left uppercut that seemed to lift the big fighter from the canvas. Once he deliberately allowed himself to be trapped in a corner, then for a full minute, in a virtuoso display of defensive reflexes, bobbed and blocked and slipped punches without striking back and without being hit.

Although Clay has enough power to stun the average heavyweight with a single punch, he dazed Jones and Bailey with the cumulative effect of a series of sharp punches. Charlie Powell, the one-time San Francisco 49er end turned boxer, testified to the growing effect of the Clay barrage.

"When he first hit me," Powell said, describing the fight in which he was knocked out by Clay, "I thought to myself, I can take two of those to get in one of my own. But in a little while I found out I was getting dizzier and dizzier every time he hit me, and he hurt. Clay throws punches so easily you don't realize how much they shock you until it's too late."

As impressive as Clay looked in his workout with Jones and Bailey, he still displayed the flaws that probably will lead to his defeat by Liston. Clay fought, as he always does, with his hands low, at the level of his belt. He leaned back from the counterattacks of his sparring partners, depending upon the speed of his reflexes to avoid their punches. Several times he was brushed by left hooks that he could have blocked had his hands been high. He changed now and then to a right-hand lead, which was effective against Jones and Bailey but which could be fatal against Liston, opening him up to a left hook over the right jab.

Watching Clay back away from a flurry of punches with his hands down, arched back to let Bailey's counterpunch swish by an inch from his chin, Light Heavyweight Champion Willie Pastrano shook his head sadly.

"He can get away with that against a guy who is shorter than he is and can't reach him," Pastrano said. "He'll have trouble with a tall guy, like Liston. That's how Billy Daniels put it to him two years ago. Daniels is tall and when Clay leaned back, Daniels hit him with a left hook. If Liston does that, it's all over."

In his preparation for the title fight Liston did not look as impressive in any one session as Clay did on his Sunday afternoon workout. Most of the time he sparred with Leotis Martin, a fast light heavy who looked more like an overgrown middleweight and who had neither Clay's speed nor his bewildering variety of punches. Martin bobbed and weaved and danced, giving Liston a moving target upon which to sharpen his hand and eye coordination, but he was nowhere near a reasonable facsimile of the challenger.

Jesse Bowdry, Liston's other sparring partner, was a true heavyweight, but far smaller and slower than Clay. The two provided Liston with live punching bags. They offered him not a hint of what he will face on the night of February 25, and this could be a considerable disadvantage to him.

Despite the inadequacy of his sparring partners, Liston demonstrated, time and again, why he is the champion of the world. The main reason is his possession of one awesome weapon: his left hand. Where Clay's jab stings, Liston's wounds. His arms are massively muscled, and the left jab is more than a jab. It hits with true shock power. I sensed when it is off target, which it seldom is, it explodes with enough force to knock the recipient off balance so that he must recover and set up again before he can attack.

His left hook is as quick as a snake's strike, but Liston does not have to coil to throw it. It follows the jab as rapidly as a drumbeat. Liston, in the words of the trade, can hook off the jab, which means that he does not have to recock his left arm to hook after he has hit an opponent with a jab.

Clay is known as a Los Angeles fighter, a fighter who hot-dogs and shows off and fights with his hands low. Liston, on the other hand, is a Chicago fighter, economical in movement, his hands held high. He is an expert at moving his head ever so slightly to let a punch slide by, or at picking off a punch with his big

Cassius leaning back from Cooper evaded a right. The same maneuver against Liston



hands and arms, always keeping his balance, always ready to hit back from a solid base.

Mike DeJohn, who lost to Liston and who has sparred with Clay, says, "I don't see the kid going more than one, two rounds. Maybe in a year, two years. But he isn't ready now. Liston is too strong. He can take a big punch. He doesn't blink or flinch. He just fights harder. I hit him my Sunday punch. I thought I hurt him, but he covers up so well with those big arms I never got another shot. Clay can't take that kind of punch."

Liston's left hook is so powerful that it does damage wherever it hits. Ernie Terrell, now a heavyweight contender, was a Liston sparring partner for one fight. After a couple of sessions he chose discretion over sparring partner's wages. "I can't raise my arms anymore," he said.

Some fighters who knew Liston when he started say that he was a southpaw then. His fighting style today supports this notion. He has only recently begun to make adequate use of his right hand. Previously his right cross seemed an unnatural punch and he launched it with a shotputting motion. It was a clubbing punch and very often a damaging one, but not nearly as effective as the left hook.

In the weeks before the fight Willie Reddish, Liston's trainer, stood just outside the ropes of the small ring on the stage at the Surfside Civic Center offering low-voiced instructions to Liston as he sparred with Martin and Bowdry. His most frequent instruction was to "cut him off, cut him off."

Liston moved slowly, commanding the center of the ring, watching Martin or Bowdry circling to his right, away from the left hook, then shuffled forward and to his right nimbly, blocking their route and forcing them to stop or retreat toward the ropes. He followed then, the brutal left jab searching and the left hook winging in. When he was able to pin one of them against the ropes, the attack that followed was animal-like in its savagery and it demonstrated another of Liston's assets, his single-minded killer instinct.

It never occurs to Liston that he may lose a fight. He does not enter the ring hoping to outpoint his rival in 15 rounds and knock him out only if the opportunity offers. His aim is destruction. He may, in the course of a fight, hit his opponent low, in the kidneys, or on the back of the neck. The legality of his attack is of no concern to him. He cares less for points than he does for doing damage. This intended violence has given him command both physically and psychologically in past fights, and it has caused his opponents—Floyd Patterson, for example—to fight in terror.

Patterson once was thought to be the type of fighter who could handle Liston. He was one of the best combination punchers in the business, and Liston had, in the past, shown signs of confusion against a fighter who attacked him with combinations. But Patterson gave up the combinations in favor of retreat. He made the bad mistake of fighting Liston's fight and was demolished.

For all his speed and youth and the completeness of his arsenal of punches, Cassius Clay's best weapon against Sonny Liston may be his very arrogance, his youthful, absurd confidence. He has a chance if he fights his fight—or Angelo Dundee's version of his fight. If he pops and runs and pops and runs and forces Liston to come after him, he may last. He might even win.

But he has to come within arm's reach of Liston every time he hits him and he must concentrate for 15 rounds. He cannot afford a mistake. Unfortunately, the arrogance which could give him the confidence to fight Liston as though he were another sparring partner could also push him past the edge of discretion into disaster. If he decides he can stand head to head with Liston, he may suffer the same fate that befell Billy Conn when he abandoned caution and traded punches with Joe Louis.

"Maybe I can be beat," Clay said the other day, in an unaccustomed moment of self-appraisal. "I doubt it. But the man is going to have to knock me down and then I'll get up and he'll have to knock me down again and I'll get up and he'll have to knock me down and I'll still get up. I've worked too hard and too long to get this chance. I'm gonna have to be killed before I lose and I ain't going to die easy." **END**

failed Floyd Patterson, who was tagged hard on the chin by Sonny's extraordinarily long left







The Price of a Pedigree

Ill-bred, ill-kempt and happy as a lark, a mongrel mutt (*left*) watched in wonder from a tenement fire escape last week as the most carefully supervised canines in the land arrived at New York's Madison Square Garden to compete for prizes at the 88th annual Westminster dog show. There were representatives of 116 varieties in all, including an Afghan (*right*) who wore his ears in a snood to keep them clean. But the favorite with the fans if not the judge (who gave top prize to a whippet) was a 3½-pound Maltese (*above*). He won the Toy Group and plainly wanted more than anything to please pretty 16-year-old Anna Marie Stimmler, who both owned and showed him.



ROY DE CARAVA



PART 2: GOREN'S NEW FORMULA

THE GAME FAVORS THE BOLD

Be brave! Be adventurous! So says bridge's greatest teacher (right). The mathematics of cards penalizes timid bidders but offers a big edge to players who take intelligent risks BY CHARLES GOREN WITH JACK OLSEN

Remember the Charles Atlas ads—"I was a 97-pound weakling"? Happily, most of the 97-pound weaklings seem to have disappeared from the American scene. But they have not disappeared from the bridge table.

Don't ask me what it is about a deck of cards that can change a dynamic, forceful, intelligent person into a Caspar Milquetoast, underbidding and underplaying his hand, squirming under the gaze of partner and opponents alike. Not *you*, you say? You're a regular "Commando" Kelly of the bridge table? Well, you're the exception. Many of our so-called average players tend to play it on the safe side—and on the nervous side. They will count their points 10 times during the bidding and come up with nine different answers. They will pass out hands that hold a sound possibility of game, hoping that the next deal will present something easier (like a blockbuster on which they can bid game and make slam). At the end of the evening they will be down a couple of thousand points, and they will wend their miserable way home saying to each other, "Gee, how did we lose all that money? We were bidding quite conservatively."

Exactly.

To twist one of the great maxims of history into a basic maxim of bridge: spineless bridge loses, and absolutely spineless bridge loses absolutely.

The logic behind this is complex, but it hangs mostly on the following fact: the mathematics of contract bridge is such that the timid bidder is punished far more severely for his timidity than the bold bidder is punished for his boldness. The timid bidder fails to make rubbers worth 500 to 750 points, rarely less. The bold bidder gets set, costing 50 to 200 points, rarely more. By a ratio of at least 3 to 1 the game is rigged for the adventuresome, the bold and the brave.

I know it doesn't look that way sometimes. There's a big 800 points on the score where Mr. Bold got set, and 800 seems to be too much to swap for anything less than an opponents' slam. But how much did Mr. Bold *actually* lose? Well, the game and rubber the opponents could have made were worth about 600, so Mr. Bold lost 200 points. Mr. Milquetoast's score shows no such oppressive disasters. But that doesn't mean they aren't there. In fact, they're bigger, even if they are invisible. Because when Mr. Milquetoast stopped at three spades and made four, he scored 90 below and 30 above. If he had bid four, he'd have scored 120 below and 500 above. He lost 500 points right then and there. But he may have lost far more. If he had bid four spades, maybe the opponents would have gone out on a limb to save the game, taking an 800 bath. And sometimes, if *continued*

NEAL BARR



Mr. Milquetoast bids four spades when he can't make it, he'll find his opponents taking a phantom save that will net him 300 to 500. The fact is, you only have to make one doubtful game in three to come out with a profit.

Notice I didn't say the mathematics of the game is rigged "for the reckless, the wild and the foolish." There's a difference. And if you put yourself in my tender care for this series of articles, I will try to show you the difference and try to change your entire approach to the game.

If you are a good student it will not be long before you will appear to be the most swashbuckling bidder on the block. After next week's installment you will be doubling more than you ever did in the past, and you will even be redoubling now and then. (Tell the truth, now. When was the last time you redoubled? 1937? 1947? If you're the average player, you redouble about as often as you have your appendix out.) You will be bidding more slams and approaching them by a more direct route. On occasion, you are even going to throw the Goren system clean out the window in favor of your own personal judgment. In short, you are going to be hell on wheels.

And how is this grand transmutation to come about? Not with any of bridge's new miracle tonics ("step right up, $1 a bottle while they last!"), but with simple arithmetic, simple logic, simple bridge.

Let us start by showing how a typically complex situation can be made simpler. The problem: how to tell if your hand is worth an opening bid of two in a suit. The "scientific" way is to count your points and make a two-demand opening bid with:

25 points and a good five-card suit

23 points and a good six-card suit

21 points and a good seven-card suit.

I devised that formula years ago after consultation with other players and a fine mathematician, William M. Anderson of Toronto. The formula is foolproof, and if you use it for the rest of your life it will be impossible for you to go very far wrong on two-bids. However, there is another way, and it is just about as foolproof as the above. *Count your losing cards.* If you hold game minus not more than one trick in your own hand, open two. Using this device, you can forget all about the numbers. It is neither more nor less effective than the number system, but for many players it is easier to remember.



A three-heart preemptive bid with this hand may be tempting, but your suit is too shabby. You risk a catastrophic set. I advise relax and pass.

Or take another standard bid: the preemptive opening, sometimes called the barricade bid, a quick bid of three or four to show a weak hand but a long suit. The aim is to take away the opponents' bidding room, to force them to start their own bidding at a high level. The bid is defensive and is usually made in the full expectation that it can be doubled and set.

Altogether too many players are abusing this bid frightfully. They make it when they hold as many as 12 or 13 points, and if their partners turn out to be holding good hands, the barricade bidders learn too late that it is their own partnership they have barricaded. Or they will make the preemptive opening when they hold seven spades to the jack and not another face card, thus risking a huge set. All the numerical rules for preemptive openings are carefully set forth in about 100 different books on bridge. Roughly, the bid requires a high-card holding of 10 points or less, vulnerable, or nine or less, not vulnerable. But if you can't remember that, remember this: if you can win seven tricks in your own hand but it is not good enough for a normal opening bid, make a preemptive opening. It's as simple as that.

I have cited these two examples, not because they will revolutionize your game, but merely to show you that almost all the complex numbers of bridge are based, after all, on simple truths. You can use the numbers or you can use the truth behind the numbers, whichever is easier for you, but whatever you use, make it your genie, not your master. No matter how erudite the wizened elder statesmen like me may seem, remember that you have one big advantage. When we devised our systems we weren't looking at your hand. You are. And since it is one out of a possible 635,013,559,600 bridge hands, there may be something about it that cannot be handled by numbers. For example:

It is a cornerstone of almost all modern bridge that a hand counting 14 points must be opened, and indeed it must. But compare this 14-point hand

♠ Q 5 4 ♥ A 9 7 ♦ A 4 2 ♣ A 7 6 5

with this one:

♠ K Q J 9 8 7 ♥ A Q 10 ♦ 10 9 8 ♣ 2

Each hand counts 14 points, but is there anybody in the world who would argue that the second hand isn't clearly superior? Take another look at the first hand. Unless something happens to promote that queen, the hand is worth three tricks, leaving a mere 10 tricks available to the opponents if partner comes up busted. But the second hand is a cinch for six tricks, whether partner is holding or not, and if partner has as little as eight—the right eight—points, the hand may easily make game.

If your tendency in the past has been to evaluate two such 14-point hands as about the same, you have been missing the point of the point count, which was invented *to assist your mental processes, not replace them.* To paraphrase the late George Orwell, all 14-point hands are equal but some are more equal than others. Only you, looking at the hand,

the score, the caliber of opposition, the capabilities of your partner, can make the final decision.

But this requires mental effort, doesn't it? Aye, there's the rub. All too many players nowadays reason that the game wouldn't be as much fun if they had to think, so they fall back on systems and bromides. The paradoxical truth is they would have far more fun and do much less work if they would use their own heads now and then.

If you bid improperly and reach the wrong contract, all the playing skill in the world will not redeem your error. It is like giving Michelangelo three cans of spray paint and asking him to do the Sistine Chapel. And yet the world of bridge is loaded with people trying to pull off impossible feats of card-playing legerdemain. I call such characters playmasters. They are rather bored with all the literature on bidding. They play the game almost entirely for the fun of executing a Vienna Coup or a double squeeze with a full twist in the pike position. And, bidding as sloppily as they do, these playmasters get a lot of practice making such desperation maneuvers. But they are never going to become good bridge players. What they really are is whist players, trapped in the wrong century.

At the other extreme, logically enough, is the player who has driven 11 miles over dangerous roads during a treacherous blizzard to reach your house for one purpose and one purpose alone—to bid. This is the bidmaster. He imagines that bidding systems are totally precise; he has a bid for every occasion, and he thinks of himself as the greatest genius of communication since Guglielmo Marconi. Very often, however, he is a loser, and here is why—he is telling his opponents too much.

On the lower levels of bridge skill you must run the risk of telling the opposition more than you would like to tell them, because your primary job is to help a shaky partner visualize your holding. But after you and partner achieve a certain level of proficiency, you should be able to bypass some of those minutely descriptive bids and blast on to game or slam more directly. The idea, of course, is to make it harder for the defense to defend, and to avoid debacles like the following. You are vulnerable and sitting South.

♠ 5 ♥ K 9 7 6 ♦ A Q 7 6 ♣ A 7 5 4

Partner bids one heart. What would you respond? Three hearts, you say? Precisely. Partner then raises to game and there should be no further trouble. But see what happened when a bidmaster picked up the South hand. To North's opening one heart, the bidmaster responded two diamonds. He could not resist showing his four to the ace-queen. North, who held long hearts but not much else, rebid his suit, and now South checked in with a three-club bid, to show his four to that ace. By now South and his bigmouth bids had told East and West all they needed to know to make a nice sacrifice. West was void in North's heart suit. East was void in South's diamond suit and held K Q 9 8 in South's club suit. And between them, East and West held 10 spades. So West threw in an exploratory three-spade bid. South, at long last, got around to supporting his partner's hearts, but it was too late. West wound up in a contract of five spades and went down two, doubled and not vulnerable, taking a 300-point penalty but staving off a certain 880 points for game and rubber, because, in fact, North-South could have made a slam.

And yet it should have been clear to South from the instant he heard his partner's opening bid that the hand would have to be played in hearts. But South was a bidmaster. Given the most elementary situations in bridge, such players will bid all around Robin Hood's barn for the sheer exhilaration of it, while the opponents sit there reevaluat-



Do not preempt with this hand either. It is too strong for a three spade opening bid because of that side ace and king. Again, you should pass.

ing their hands, figuring out which of their kings and queens are onside, whom to lead through, what to lead to hit partner's best suit, etc. When the bidmaster doesn't give the enemy the military intelligence needed to find a nice sacrifice, he tells them what they need to know to set the contract.

The bidmaster is usually conducting a mad love affair with ace-showing conventions like Gerber and Blackwood. He will use them even when any further knowledge about his partner's hand can benefit no one but the other team. Let's say he has opened the bidding with one heart on a holding of 20 points. Now his partner raises to three hearts. Chances are the bidmaster will do one of two things: he will start bidding his other suits to show aces, and he will expect his partner to do the same. Or he will jump to Gerber or Blackwood and go through that ritual. Now return to the simplicity of the hand. Opener held 20 points, bid a heart and was raised to three hearts. At this stage what does the bidmaster know about his partner's hand? He knows that partner holds at least four hearts to an honor. He knows partner has 13 to 16 points, the requirement for a jump raise in partner's suit. So the total strength in the two hands can be bracketed at a minimum of 33 and a maximum of 36. South, minus drum rolls and fanfares, should bid six hearts. All the ace- and king-showing conventions in the world are not going to result in any other contract, but they are going to help the opponents set the hand. Remember, the opponents are on lead: they get first crack at establishing a trick in their

continued

own hands. At least half the time it is the opening lead that makes or breaks a slam. Why help the other team figure out the lead?

The prompt and sudden jump to slam is called blasting, and its main virtue is that it keeps the opponents in the dark. It also sometimes puts you in an impossible contract. Never mind. Whenever you have a reasonable shot, blast away! You will almost never be doubled (there are very good reasons why slams are seldom doubled, as we shall see later) and you will be protected over the long pull by that basic bridge axiom: the timid bidder is penalized more than the bold bidder. See how blasting saved this hand:

NORTH	SOUTH
♠ —	♠ A Q 8 7 5 2
♥ A Q J 7 6 5	♥ K 10 4 3
♦ K J 5 3	♦ A
♣ 10 8 7	♣ Q 2

North opened one heart, South bid a spade, North rebid his hearts and South blasted to six hearts. A club lead would have wrecked the contract, but the bidding had been so uninformative that East had no way of knowing this. He led a diamond and now the contract could be made. Slow, cautious "approach bidding" would have tipped off the weakness in clubs beyond any doubt.

All of this is predicated, of course, on knowing your partner. You cannot blast if you entertain the least doubt as to whether your partner really had his bid. I would not recommend blasting, for example, with the sort of partner who was so well described by my favorite quotee, W. Somerset Maugham: "He will ignore your bids, he will pay no attention to your warnings, come hell or high water he will take command of the hand, and when he has been doubled and gone down several tricks, he'll ascribe it to nothing but bad luck. I am still looking for the book that will show me how to deal with him. Shooting is too quick and too painless."



Do not wait to tell partner you have a whopper. You will never be able to picture your hand properly in later bids unless you open with two spades.



You opened a spade, and partner responded three spades. Do not fiddle around with gimmick bids or other suits. Blast away: your bid is six spades.

Years ago, in a Masters Individuals in Pittsburgh, I underwent the Chinese water torture with such a bidder. She had just become a Life Master, and she was as full of herself as an operatic diva. Coming down the homestretch of the tournament, I was enjoying a comfortable lead when I had the misfortune to encounter this woman as a partner. On our first hand I bid spades and she responded two diamonds. I bid two spades and she bid two no trump. I passed and she went down. Two spades would have been a cakewalk. For the next three hands I figured out the right place to play the contract, and in none of those cases was I permitted to play the hand. She went down every time. If I had played one more round with that woman I'd have called Willie Maugham and told him to come over with his gun. As it was, I was lucky to win the tournament by a bare half point.

Let me show you something else that experts know about slams: they know *which* hand should play the slam, and they know how to get the contract in the right place. I am talking now about slams that appear equally biddable in either of the partnership's best contracts; in a situation, for example, where North holds five good spades opposite South's three small spades, and South holds four good hearts opposite North's four little hearts. Should the contract be six hearts or six spades? Here is one way the experts solve such a problem:

On all big hands the vulnerable spot is usually the hand with a worthless doubleton or tripleton. No matter that your hand contains a regular Fort Knox in points; that worthless doubleton is the place where you can be set and set quickly. You wouldn't be at the slam level if partner didn't have some high cards too, and chances are that one or two of them are in that danger suit of yours. So who should play the hand?

continued

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Partner, of course. This brings the opening lead *up* to him instead of *through* him and up to your worthless doubleton. If he is holding king-small or ace-queen in your weak suit, he is sitting in the catbird seat as fourth player, but he is down like a dog as dummy.

As a simple corollary to this: when you and your partner are heading for slam and your own hand contains king-small in an unmentioned suit, make every effort to play the hand yourself, thus guaranteeing, at least, that your king will take one trick against an unfavorable lead.

Now take a look at how this strategy in the bidding of slams works out in actual practice. South picked up:

♠ A K Q 10 7 4 ♥ 5 3 ♦ A K 6 ♣ Q J

He opened one spade and, to his great glee, heard North respond two no trump. At this point both expert player and average player would realize that there was a good play for little slam in the hand, and that it was equally plausible in spades or no trump. But the average player, sitting South, would almost certainly bid six spades. Why? Well, for one reason, he's childishly eager to chalk up those 100 honors. And, for another, he knows the partnership has at least eight spades to the A K Q 10, an exceedingly comfortable trump position.

Expert player, however, would ignore both these Lorelei and study his hand. His eyes would become fixed on those two baby hearts, and almost automatically he would bid six no trump. This gives partner the contract, runs the lead through the worthless doubleton and up to partner's heart honor(s). Here was North's hand:

♠ J 5 3 ♥ K 9 7 ♦ Q 10 9 ♣ A K 8 6

As Li'l Abner would have it, "any fool can plainly see" what can happen if the hand is played at six spades. An opening heart lead from West sails right through dummy's K 9 7, and the enemy takes two quick heart tricks to dump the contract. But six no trump is ice-cold, because there is no earthly way to undermine North's king of hearts with East on lead. In duplicate I have seen this hand go both ways: the expert's way and the average player's way. It is one of the classic hands for separating the new boys from the 10-year men in the league.

One of the grand intangibles of contract bridge is: How can you compensate for the bidding deficiencies of a fuzzy-thinking partner and still retain your own sanity and bank balance? Everybody and his cousin has had an answer to this question throughout the decades of bridge. The late Ely Culbertson had a sort of homeopathic approach. If you know which way your partner tends to err, Ely said, you should counteract him by doing the same thing yourself, *i.e.*, "Underbid with underbidders and overbid with overbidders." His theory was that the underbidder, observing that you too were underbidding, would tend to reverse his field and become an overbidder to make up for you. I agreed with Ely on many of his precepts, but not on this one. An underbidder underbids because he is insecure or lacking in card sense or a newcomer to the intricacies of the game, and in none of these cases is he likely to be paying much attention to the way you bid. And overbidding with an overbidder is something I would recommend only to millionaires. If you and your partner can make four spades, and you personally overbid it to six spades, you may count on your overbidding partner to go on to seven. This technique might eventually convert partner into a more cautious bidder, but in the meantime you both would be deeply involved with your friendly neighborhood loan company. An overbidder facing an overbidder produces bankruptcy.

Some good players, opposite partners who consistently make the same errors in bidding, create a University of Contract Bridge right on the spot. The instant the dummy goes down, they frown and begin their lecture. "Oh, I see . . . hmmmm . . yes . . well, partner, you *didn't* have that heart raise. Three hearts to the 5 isn't good enough support. I don't mean to be critical [a forced smile, extending from upper lip all the way down to the lower lip, breaks across the professor's face] I'm just telling you so you'll know the next time it comes up."

Four deals later partner holds three spades to the 9. This time a raise to two spades is his only proper bid, but the professor has just told him not to raise with three small trumps, so he bids something else that leads to disaster. It happens every time. The bridge table is not the place for instruction.

What can you do about such a partner? First, you can adjust your bidding to his idiosyncrasies, asking yourself, "Will partner take this bid as I intend it, or will he miss my point?"

It is important to understand what I *don't* mean by this. I don't mean that you should go out of your way to drop a contract at three hearts merely because partner tends to overbid, or shove a contract up to an unnatural six spades because he is a chronic conservative. And I don't mean "adjusting" your bidding in anything like the Culbertson manner, either. This is adding your own distortion to the distortion already introduced by partner, and the end result will be chaos. What your shaky partner needs most is a bidder whose calls are consistent, descriptive and clear. He needs to hear bids that are not ambiguous—even if you have to lie to make them so. In a word, you must make the best bid *within the limits of your partner's comprehension.*

There is absolutely no point in making a big-league bid with a player who will not recognize it. This means that you will have to abandon a grand slam now and then to make sure of a small slam, and a small slam to make sure of a sound game. As the late British expert S. J. Simon expressed it: "The professional tries for the best result possible. The best result possible. Not the best possible result."

Oddly enough, it is like moving mountains to convince the average player that he should abandon some of his fancy-pants bidding when he is seated opposite a poor bidder. I know players who insist on treating all partners as though those partners were Helen Sobel, Howard Schenken or—well—me. They throw every superduper bidding device known to mankind at partners they met just two or three whisky sours ago, and then they wonder why they're losing their socks at bridge. For my own part, I wouldn't even indulge in a simple cue bid under such circumstances. Do I hear you shouting that cue bids are unmistakable, blatant, ancient devices, and nobody in your club would ever leave partner in one? Then your club must be Crockford's or the Cavendish—no, on second thought, your club doesn't exist. I have seen players dropped in cue bids in bitter 50¢-a-point games, in challenge matches at the fanciest bridge

continued

clubs and even in international competition among players acknowledged to be the best. To cite one of the pithiest examples: in the Eastern Championships, Alvin Roth cue-bid clubs. His partner, Tobias Stone, appeared not to get the point; so Roth's next bid was another cue bid of clubs. This time Stone passed, leaving Roth in a contract of six clubs holding a total of five trumps in both hands. As a result, they blew the championship. These are two of the finest players in the world, and I tell the story only because it happens to come to mind.

I once had a friend who personified the fancy-pants bidder. His bids and responses were right out of the book (or at least he thought they were), regardless of the skill or lack of skill of his partner. He would not unbend or yield, adjust or adapt. Thus he was always in a position to correct a partner with less book-larnin'. And he was always broke. His shining hour came when he sat South opposite a partner who held:

♠ — ♥ K Q 8 7 6 ♦ A K Q 9 7 5 4 ♣ A

With this atomic bomb North made the atrocious opening bid of two hearts, not only because he was a bad bidder but also because he was a bad sorter. In the delirium of looking at such a symphony in red he had placed the ace of diamonds at the top of his hearts.

My friend, the "expert," meanwhile, held:

♠ 7 4 3 2 ♥ J 5 4 ♦ 6 3 ♣ Q J 8 7

So he responded two no trump, showing less than six points. At this point poor North discovered his error, gulped, rearranged his hand, took a sip of his drink and bid four diamonds. South, confronted now with a simple suit preference, bid four hearts. North, tenacious to the end, went up to five diamonds. South grimaced and put North back in five hearts.

The opponents trumped the opening diamond lead, won a second trick with the ace of hearts and trumped another lead of diamonds. When the hand was over, poor benighted North said. "Why didn't you leave me in five diamonds? I jumped in diamonds and I rebid them."

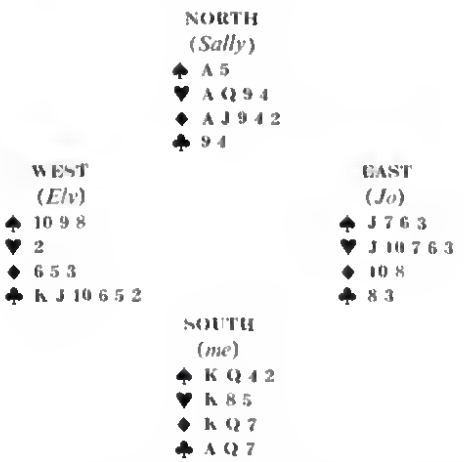
"I don't care what you did in diamonds," South said. "You bid your hearts first and that means your hearts have to be as good or better."

"But wasn't it obvious I'd made a mistake with my opening bid?"

"I knew you'd made a mistake," said the imperious South. "But I do not intend to distort my bidding to make up for your mistakes!"

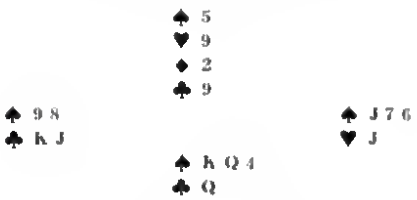
If I've given the impression that nothing like this has ever happened to me, allow me to correct the record. My files are full of hands in which I was completely fooled by partners who made fancy bids that signified nothing, and other hands in which my own fancy bids went right over the heads of my partners, proving that I shouldn't have made them in the first place. But let me tell you about one such hand where everything worked out in the end, with the federal troops coming to the rescue in the true Hollywood tradition. It is the favorite hand of my life, partly because it is a fascinating juxtaposition of cards, and partly because it happened when I was playing for the first time against Ely Culbertson and his brilliant wife Jo.

My partner was Sally Young, a very fine player who didn't mind pushing her luck when the occasion demanded. The time was 1938; Ely was the undisputed grand high muckamuck of contract bridge. Here is the hand:



Sally opened the bidding with a diamond. Jo passed. I responded one spade, and Ely threw in a two-club nuisance bid. Now Sally bid two hearts, and visions of sugarplums danced in my head. Sally had reversed, presumably showing 19 points. My own cards counted 19, and the two hands added up to a safe-and-sane grand slam. I blasted to seven no trump, and down went dummy with only 17 points. Sally had pushed our luck a little. Our spades didn't figure to run, Ely was marked with the king of clubs and, though I didn't know it, our hearts weren't going to set up either.

Ely opened his 10 of spades, which I took in dummy. I started on the hearts, but on the second round Ely showed out. So at Trick 4 I took the ace of clubs and then reentered the dummy with the heart queen. Four tricks in diamonds followed, and now I was in dummy with one more good diamond to be led. At this point the holdings were:



I led the good deuce of diamonds from the board, planning to discard the dead club queen, and there was consternation in the enemy ranks. Sitting East, Jo was squeezed. If she discarded her heart jack to protect her spades, she would have set up the 9 of hearts on the board and left me with two good spades in my hand. If she discarded a spade, she would have left me with three good spades in my hand. No matter what she did, the grand slam could not be stopped.

The lesson, of course, is clear: there is a divinity that protects the forceful bidder, if he doesn't lose his head.

NEXT WEEK: DOUBLE YOUR FUN

The least-used of bridge's big weapons is the double; too many players are afraid of it. Don't you be, Goren urges.



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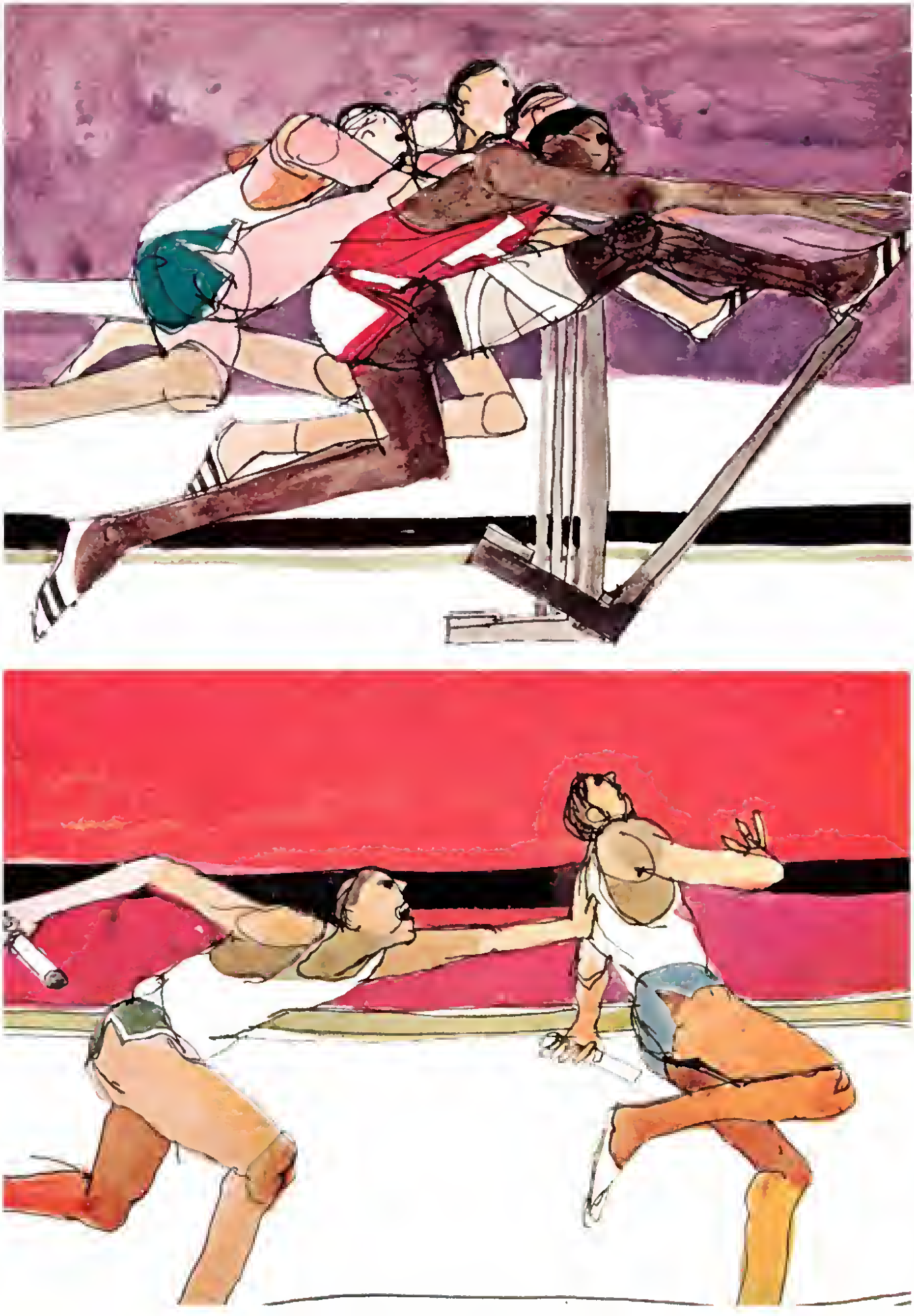
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THE DIN, THE COLOR, THE MOOD OF INDOOR TRACK

Indoors, track and field is a microcosm of itself. Everything is smaller, closer, more intense. There are far more spills, more body contact, more violence. In a brassy, circuslike atmosphere, the action is continuous. The band plays and the athlete is on show, his every move exposed to the curiosity of a savvy crowd.

The hurdler, his timing hampered by a heavily bandaged thigh, knocks down a hurdle in his drive for the lead. A frustrated relay runner angrily shoves a rival who moved into his lane.

PAINTINGS BY JEROME MARTIN



The style seems relaxed, but the long-distance men are spent at the finish. If there is consolation for the anguish of an indoor mile, it is the noise. Used to running to whispers outdoors, winter track's biggest stars run 11 laps amid a thrilling, ever-mounting tumult.







Shotputters do things with ponderous dignity, like elephants. Here, a huge one meditates briefly before moving into the ring for his next giant heave.



A pole vaulter stares up into the endlessness of height, quietly gauging the distance between the end of the pole and the crossbar he hopes to clear.

With the fingers of her right hand raised in Churchill's V for victory, saucy Olympic Champion **Marielle Goitschel** dropped in with her teammates for lunch with France's Premier **Georges Pompidou**, shouted, "*Vive le ski, vive la France*," sang a stirring chorus of the *Marseillaise* and announced her engagement. "To whom?" asked the startled French Premier. "*Mais*," answered Mlle. Goitschel with a blown kiss, "to you!"

If the tortoise could make it against the hare the hard way, why can't a man get into political orbit with the long, slow pull? That, anyway, seemed to be the thought in 74-year-old incumbent Senator **Stephen Young**'s (D., Ohio) mind as he pulled away on a Cleveland Y rowing machine (*below*) to get in trim for a nomination challenge by 45-year-old Astronaut **John Glenn**.

Football took a step upward in status (though education did not necessarily follow suit) when **Darrell Royal**, coach of the Nation's No. 1 football team, was made a full professor by the University of Texas.

You wouldn't think it would be so hard to give away a 165-foot yacht, particularly when it cost millions to build, has an elevator in its smokestack and once belonged to President **Franklin D. Roosevelt**. But singer **Elvis Presley**, the one-man Beatle of the 1950s, tried three times to give away FDR's old *Potomac* before he found a taker. After buying it at auction for $55,000, the Pelvis tried first to give the vessel to the March of Dimes. They didn't need a yacht. He then tried the Coast Guard in Miami. Washington HQ said no. Finally Comedian **Danny Thomas** accepted the vessel for the Saint Jude Hospital, named for the patron saint of lost causes and homeless yachts.

"I never liked to exercise much," said **Lillian Musial** sadly in St. Louis last week, "then Stan began teasing me so I began exercising about six weeks ago and now with his fitness job, I've got to bear down even more." What Lil meant was that Cardinal V.P. **Stanley Musial**, who recently admitted to being five pounds overweight himself, had just been appointed by President Johnson as fitness chief for the whole nation—and waistlines begin at home. One point that may have favored the Musial appointment: his 14-year-old daughter Janet can do 40 push-ups and has a fitness medal from Washington.

Anyone can give a girl a diamond ring and tell her he loves her. What made Swedish starlet **Britt Eklund** sure that she alone has the heart of her fiancé **Peter Sellers**—a man who in the last eight years has had one wife and 62 fast automobiles—was the bright red Lotus Elan sports car with which he plighted his troth.

Quarterback **John Brodie** of the San Francisco 49ers is a hard man to keep on the bench. Forbidden by doctors to play golf until the operation on his passing arm heals thoroughly, Brodie and his teammate **Malt Hazeltine** entered themselves as a two-man team in the World Domino Championships. They finished about 90th.

The last All-America football player to play for Harvard, Massachusetts' energetic Governor **Endicott (Chub) Peabody**, was doing his best to become the first All-Massachusetts skier. Beginning with a helicopter hop from the State House to Northampton on Friday evening and continuing for the next two days by chopper, ski lift and automobile, the governor, who often shoots the slopes with Senator **Ted Kennedy**, managed to visit five of his state's 40 ski areas in a single weekend and crown a Winter Carnival queen in the bargain.

Now that **Don Budge** has given up washing clothes and gone back to tennis as a teaching pro in Nassau, his old partner, **Sydney Wood**, has joined forces with another champ who has more than once taken his opponents to the cleaners. The two of them recently announced the opening of the **Arnold Palmer** Laundries, Inc., Arnold Palmer Dry Cleaning, Inc. and the Arnold Palmer Maid Service. Their official motto: "It suits you to a tee."

Eager to take up skiing where he left it three years ago, Actor **Hal March** finished a movie in Hollywood, headed for the Catskills, strapped on his skis, started down the slope, broke his leg and ended in Monticello Hospital. The picture: *Send Me No Flowers*.

"Do not despise soccer when thinking of the world's moral progress," said the Reverend **Edward Carpenter**, Archdeacon of Westminster. "It is a religious exercise, a ritual of high expertise and just to watch it is an exhausting occupation."



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BASKETBALL / *John Underwood*

Five midgets and a wink at Nell

Johnny Wooden has parlayed those ingredients into the only unbeaten major college team in the country

The basketball coach of the Yugoslav national team has been flitting around the country for the past three months, cordially prying into the affairs of our college basketball coaches in hopes of picking up ideas that he can turn against us in the Olympics next fall. This is not altogether inconsistent because we are a magnanimous, unbegrudging people who just recently allowed The Beatles to infiltrate our lines, though Customs should be ashamed for that one.

In any case the Yugoslav, Aleksandar Nikolic, finally reached Los Angeles last week at the close of his tour. There, uncomplaining, he passed up Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm to spend his waking hours watching the UCLA Bruins of Coach John Wooden. UCLA is popularly credited as being the best team in the country. It is undefeated and likely to remain so until tournament time, which is fast approaching, even though it is a team of midgets that can look its opponents square in the Adam's apple and is coached by a seraphic gentleman who appreciates Kipling and Keats as much as he does a good hook shot—you cannot curl up on a rainy night with a good hook shot—and who does not smoke, drink or say purple things to officials. John Wooden cannot say "dad-burned" without lowering his voice, and when he quotes someone else he punctiliously abbreviates to denature the cuss words.

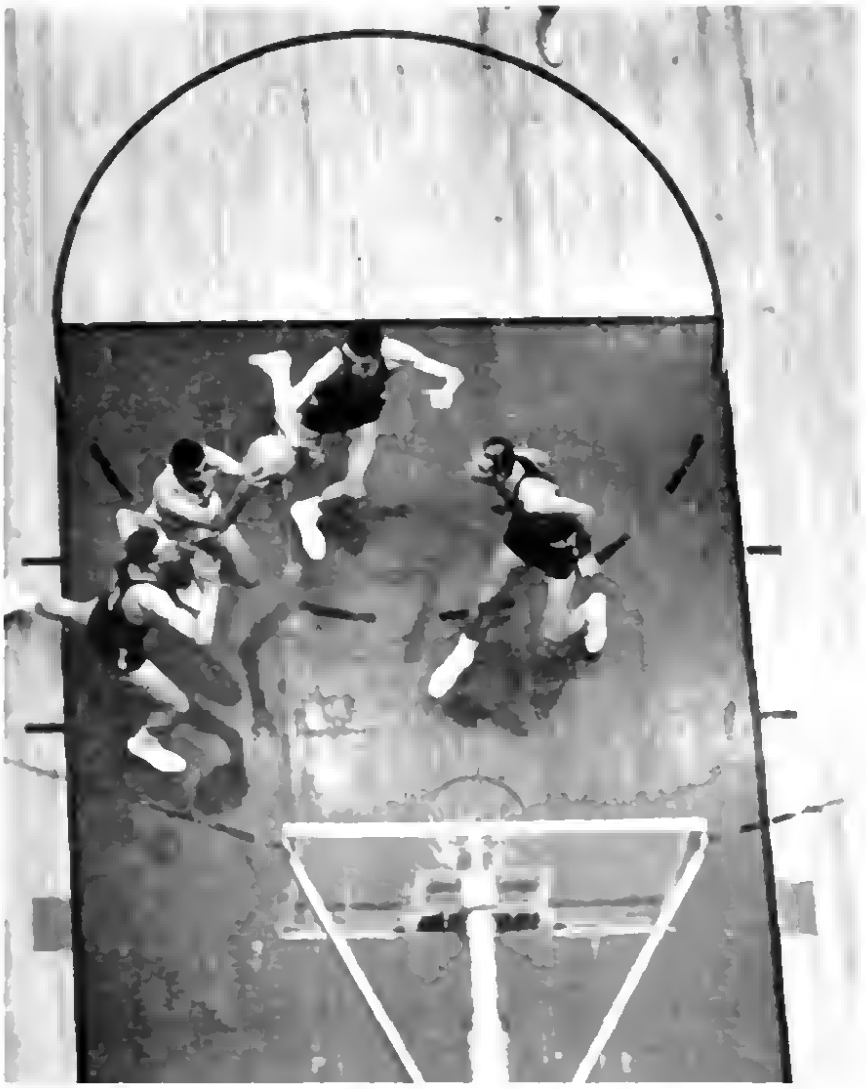
After watching the Bruins defeat Washington 73-58 and 88-60 on successive nights, for their 20th and 21st victories, Coach Nikolic, a compact man with quick eyes and a workaday Charles Boyer accent, said of UCLA: "Is small team. No big man, no big score like Nash of Coach Roop team in Kentucky. But ziss—pardon, my English very bad—ziss is best I see. Because is *team*. All five." He held up five fingers. "*Team*. You understand? Is best."

Naturally, no one with half a dream of getting to the NCAA tournament is willing to concede anything that conclusive this time of season. A Eugene, Ore. sports editor, Dick Strite, got up at a luncheon in New York the other day and said he didn't think UCLA, with a team whose tallest man (Fred Slaughter) is 6 feet 5 could possibly get past Oregon State in the West and therefore would never even see the lights of Kansas City for the finals. NYU Coach Lou Rossini said that might be true all right, but he had not seen a team that could run with UCLA, that the UCLA zone press was the exact equivalent of solitary confinement for an opponent's offense, that being puny didn't bother puny UCLA one minute; that its guards, Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich, were an extraordinary pair of ball hawks; and that Coach John Wooden was just great.

On the other hand, Michigan Coach Dave Strack was unconvinced, which jolly well proved *his* courage because UCLA beat Michigan by 18 points in December. "They don't look like any superteam," said Strack. "They were better on a better night, that's all. We must have missed 16 dead layups."

Strack is right and Strite may be. UCLA is no superteam. But it has super teamwork. Pass Master Walt Hazzard

continued



DRIVING BRUIN Jack Hirsch is suddenly in triple jeopardy but even three Washington defenders could not stop his drive. He scored



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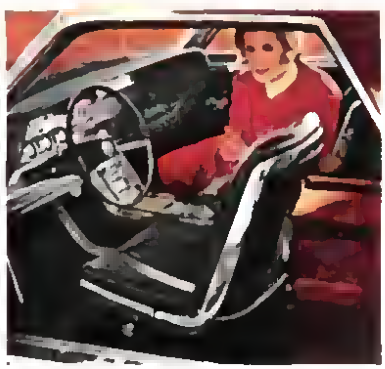


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is the most unselfish man south of the North Pole, and his principal beneficiary is the baby-faced Goodrich, who averages 22 points a game and has even learned to pass off himself now and then. They comprise what is probably the best guard pairing in the country, though this is not surprising in a John Wooden team, because he long ago decided that it is what's out back that counts. It is also characteristic of Wooden's coaching that the Bruins have great speed—"we run," he says, "though sometimes we don't take the ball with us." UCLA can run with Kentucky, say, and it can outrun Michigan, Ohio State or Wichita. It is also a smart team, serene in its confidence, mature in the knowledge of having worked together as a unit two years in a row. It does not, however, have the might and height of Michigan's Cazzie Russell, Bill Buntin and Larry Tregoning. It does not have, as Nikolic says, a Cotton Nash or a Dave Stallworth or a Rick Barry in the front court, nor, by any means, a Gary Bradds at center. "I have been asked," says Wooden, " 'Don't you *want* taller boys?' Goodness gracious sakes alive!"

Neither are the Bruins always precise. They do not have the efficiency of attack of Villanova or the expert ball handling of Kentucky. They threw the ball away nine times in the first half against Washington on Friday. They gamble—sometimes too much—on the zone press, which has an unusual feature in that Center Slaughter plays up on the front line with Guard Goodrich, but more often than not they press a team into errors. "Pressure," says Wooden, "is the way to play the game." Most teams try to slow UCLA down, and most teams do not succeed. The Bruins are the shortest team in the Big Six, "but they sure don't *play* small," says a rival coach. They lead the league in rebounds. Oregon State Coach Slats Gill, who stole in to watch Saturday's game with Washington, was struck—thunderstruck—by their "fast hands, their fine balance." On offense, the Bruins dillydally, then score points in great confident gulps. Leading Stanford 63–60, they ran off 13 points in 80 seconds without retaliation.

A contented amalgam as a team, the Bruins take their individual neuroses two for a dime. Wooden has had to handle them carefully. Forward Keith Erickson, a fine safety man in the 2-2-1 zone press and the team's leading rebounder, considers criticism subversive. Slaughter is president of the senior class but must be prodded to be equally industrious on the court. Goodrich's passion is shooting—he once advised a high school group that "if your girl asks you to walk her home, tell her, 'I'm sorry, I gotta go shoot baskets' "—and has to remind himself now and again that there is more than that to the game. The champion hand wringer, however, is Forward Jack Hirsch, who also leads the team in solvency—he drives a blood-red 1964 Pontiac Grand Prix and has a third interest in one of his dad's bowling alleys. Hirsch believes if something isn't wrong something is wrong. "Embarrassing, that's what it is," he said when he got an A in physics recently. "I'm making Cs in physical education." He says basketball is "a lot of aggravation. Sometimes when I'm on the road I feel like chucking it and going home to my wife." Misgivings notwithstanding, Hirsch developed into an excellent left-hand shooter, a tough rebounder and a dedicated defender. He limited Michigan prodigy Cazzie Russell to 11 points.

Hazzard still a showman

All-America Hazzard, with 1,226 points, is now UCLA's alltime scoring champion, having passed Willie Naulls. It was Naulls's recommendation that got him to UCLA from Philadelphia in the first place, and as a sophomore his showy behind-the-back, between-the-legs, out-of-a-dream passes flew unerringly to the temples, chests and tender places of his unsuspecting teammates. Tamed just enough so that he is not quite a show-off, but still a showman, he is raved about unceasingly: "He could play in the pros right now," says Bill Sharman. "If there is a better guard in college basketball, show him to me—quick," says USC's Forrest Twogood.

A winner every one of his 16 years at UCLA, John Wooden rules with a fatherly concern, a fatherly discipline ("don't let that professorial manner fool you," says one coach, "he can be meaner than two snakes when he wants to be") and a catch-all collection of epigrams like, "I'd rather command respect than demand it," and, "It's what you learn *after* you know it all that counts." He has no equal as a pamphleteer. His mimeographed material covers practically every subject from dribbling to tying a Windsor knot, and his favorite, the John Wooden *Pyramid of Success*, is a must for every player's locker.

"He makes you believe you can do anything. You become surprised when you lose," says a former player. His players go to great lengths to be with him—sophomore Kenny Washington, for example, came 2,440 miles on a Greyhound bus from Columbia, S.C., just on the chance he could stick at UCLA. Jerry Norman, a keen-tempered guard, was kicked off Wooden's team in 1952 but could hardly wait to apologize to get back on. He is now, after some refinement, Wooden's No. 1 assistant.

Wooden has the qualities for being a regular loser—he hates to recruit, he scouts at a minimum and he thinks success and winning are not one and the same. Strange, nonathletic-looking books line his desk—*As a Man Thinketh*, *Immortal Poems*, *Wise Sayings of the Orient*. He loves poetry. "I wanted to write my master's thesis 18 years ago on why kids don't like poetry, but I got turned down. They made me write it on basketball." He got a flat-out A.

Wooden, at 53, admits to a weakness for sugar-orange candy wedges and to an occasional superstition. He follows this unalterable formula before a game: he sticks a piece of gum in Hazzard's mouth, he winks at his wife Nell sitting behind the bench, taps Assistant Norman on the arm and leg, he spits, discreetly, on the floor and he pulls up his socks. The other night at Trader Vic's he foraged through a bowl of fortune cookies, discarding the inapplicable—"Your help will be needed in an embarrassing situation"—and when he found one that suited he plunged it into his pocket. Not even Nell's urging could make him reveal the magical contents.

Wooden does not credit fortune cookies with his good fortune this year, of course, but, he says, neither is he working harder or longer at his job than ever. He thinks he might be a better coach than he was last year, "but you *have* to improve in this business or you're dead." He does not think his team will continue undefeated, because few teams ever do. Well, then, does he believe this is really the best college team in the country?

Wooden smiled modestly, as if to pocket the question with his fortune. "Umm," he said. "Well, yes. Yes, I would be willing to agree that this is the best team in the country.

"Fooled you, didn't I?" **END**

From humdrum to well-done in one easy mile



A RELAXED O'HARA SPEEDS PAST FINISH

An ordinary winter on the boards changed to one of excitement and anticipation when Tom O'Hara broke the world record in New York

Tom O'Hara took five seconds less than a minute last week to turn what had been a rather humdrum indoor track and field season into one of roaring excitement. The pale, skinny, slump-shouldered kid from Chicago—standing around in a hotel lobby before a meet, he looks more like a bellhop than an athlete—sprinted through the last quarter of the Baxter Mile at the New York Athletic Club indoor games in Madison Square Garden in 55 seconds flat to set a new indoor world record of 3 56.6.

O'Hara had been sweeping mile races all winter long, but his previous victories seemed, in retrospect, to have been little more than training exercises in preparation for the big one. At the Millrose Games in New York in January, for instance, he followed John Camien closely through a 3 05.6 three-quarters before running a 55-second final quarter to win easily in 4 00.6. A week later, at the Los Angeles Times games, he toyed with Jim Grelle, a sub-four-minute miler himself, dawdling past three quarters in an amusingly slow 3:12 before opening that same old 55-second last-quarter sprint to beat Grelle by a dozen yards.

But in New York last week the pace was sharper and quicker. It was perfectly suited to O'Hara. Tom lagged in last place for a while, running in his usual monkey-on-a-tightrope manner, his hands held rather high and away from his body, as though for balance. He moved up to second place after the first quarter and really began to pay attention to things when he heard that the half-mile time was 2.01.3. Ideas of a record began to form in his head. John Camien was setting the pace at this point and driving hard, but O'Hara was in complete control.

About 500 yards from home he hitched up his pants, a characteristic gesture he makes several times a race, to the delight of the fans, and went to work. He flipped past Camien, opened up a six-yard lead and, with slightly less than 300 yards to go, turned his sprint on full throttle. He ran away from Camien and the field (in two laps his lead lengthened from 10 to 65 yards) and all by himself raced toward the record, looking immensely strong and sure of himself. He never labored and when he crossed the finish line, running faster than he had at any point earlier in the race, he showed almost no sign of strain or exhaustion. He had run the last half mile in 1 55.3.

It was the first sub-four-minute mile of the indoor season, and by two full seconds the fastest indoor mile ever run. It was also an awesome demonstration of running power and notice to the world that the man to beat in the Olympic 1,500 meters next fall in Tokyo may be little Tom O'Hara instead of big Peter Snell, the New Zealander who holds the world outdoor mile record at 3 54.4. Snell has been beaten this summer season in New Zealand, and no other world times, indoors or out, have come close to O'Hara's.

Indeed, O'Hara's New York mile seemed to shake the indoor season out of its lethargy, and everything took on a heightened interest. For instance, two nights after O'Hara's record mile, Australian Ron Clarke met 17-year-old Gerry Lindgren of Spokane in a two-mile race in San Francisco. It developed into one of the finest performances of the year and whetted everyone's appetite for the distance events still to come before the indoor season ends next month. Clarke, who had broken world records for six miles and 10,000 meters outdoors in Australia this past December, boasted times that were more than half a minute faster for each race than anyone else in the world ran them last year. When he and his fellow Australian, High Jumper Tony Sneazwell, arrived in America two weeks ago, they were expected to

continued



Good for wassails you!

In olden days skiers raised their tankards and cried, "Wassail!" which means, "Be Healthy!"

Today when you come in off the ski slopes, it's great to have a bowl of Gusto awaiting you. The recipe on the right serves six—but not very long. Better make up another batch. The premium taste of Schlitz—the Real Gusto in every drop of this great light beer—will keep them coming back for more.

If you run out of nutmeg and cinnamon, forget it and just open up the Schlitz. It's good cold, too.

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GUSTO BOWL

- 1 cup sugar
- 8 whole cloves
- 4 cinnamon sticks
- [illegible] teaspoon nutmeg
- [illegible] teaspoon ginger
- 2 cups water
- 6 12-ounce cans Schlitz

In a 1-quart saucepan, simmer sugar, spices and water for 5 minutes. Let mixture stand several hours or overnight to develop spice flavors. Just before serving time, add Schlitz and heat until mixture reaches the boiling point (the flavors become rich and mellow at this point). Serve in a warmed punch bowl. Garnish with tiny cooked red apples or spiced crab apples. Makes about 20 4-ounce punch cup servings.

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have an immediate and salubrious impact on the indoor season, not only because of their own impressive credentials but because two other track men from Australia and New Zealand, Albie Thomas and Bill Baillie, had been tremendously impressive in brief, earlier visits. Thomas tied the indoor world record for three miles in Toronto, and Baillie just missed the indoor two-mile record in Portland, Ore. Thomas and Baillie had had to return home almost immediately after their fine races, but Clarke and Sneazwell were to be here for almost a month, during which they would compete in at least five and possibly six indoor meets.

Unfortunately for promoters, their debuts were vaguely disappointing. While Sneazwell did jump 7 feet in his first indoor competition (last autumn he cleared 7 feet 2⅝ inches), he lost to John Thomas in his first meet. He then suffered a muscle pull high in his thigh and cleared only 6 feet 11 and 6 feet 10 in third- and *first-place finishes.*

Clarke, in his first race ever indoors, ran two miles in 8:42.6, which is good, but he looked tired and weak and finished a rather flat second to America's Bob Schul in a curiously dull race. Next time out, in New York, Clarke seemed much stronger than before but appeared to be confused by the strategy and tactics of running on the tight little 160-yard wooden oval. Bruce Kidd of Canada won this race in 8 42.6 by a yard over Schul, with Clarke only one second behind.

Then came the San Francisco meet, in which Clarke went against the youthful Lindgren. Neither Schul nor Kidd was entered, and Clarke was faced with a direct challenge. Losing to internationalists like Schul and Kidd was one thing; losing to a 117-pound high school boy would be quite another. Lindgren made a spirited bid (and lowered his amazing record for two miles for a high school runner to 8 minutes and 40 seconds), but Clarke's strength and experience prevailed. After a back-and-forth duel, he pulled away from Lindgren in the last lap to win by 20 yards in 8 36.9.

"It's a very different feeling, running on these small tracks," Clarke said. "Before I came over I read that Gaston Roelants of Belgium did 8:41.4 in Los Angeles in his first go at the boards, and I thought that was rather weak. I talked about doing 8:35 or better. Now I feel

continued

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different. And I've learned that you should expect to do your best, but you shouldn't predict."

Clarke is an exceptionally good-looking man, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a flashing smile and a warm friendly manner. He is sure of himself, as all Australians seem to be, but in a matter-of-fact, almost impersonal way. His career has been an odd one. Back in 1956, before anyone had ever heard of Herb Elliott, Clarke was Australia's most promising young runner (an Aussie Gerry Lindgren, so to speak). At 18 he held a myriad of junior records at distances from 880 yards on up ("Herb Elliott broke them all later on," Clarke says, grinning), and at the Melbourne Olympics in 1956 he was given the honor of running the Olympic torch into the stadium on the very last leg of its long journey from Greece. He received an extraordinary amount of publicity at the time, not to mention scores of burns, and even today he is better known to many people as the bearer of the Olympic torch than he is as the breaker of world records.

But he began to study accountancy. In the interests of furthering his business career, he gave up training. He continued to run competitively in local meets, but that was just about the only running he did and his times became ordinary. Then about three years ago (and, coincidentally, after Herb Elliott had retired), Clarke decided that serious training would no longer interfere with his work. He built up his stamina by running great distances in practice. In competition his times improved remarkably, year by year, until suddenly, at 26, married and with two small children, he was back to where he was at 18, on top of the heap.

His 1963 record behind him, he now must be made the strong favorite to win the Olympic 10,000-meter run, and he should be a factor, too, in the 5,000 and the marathon, in both of which he expects to compete. And this Saturday, in New York at the AAU indoor national championships, it might be a good idea to keep your eye on Clarke in the three-mile run. Two miles is a bit short for his neat, rhythmic, beautifully balanced style of running, but it is hard to imagine anyone beating him at three miles. What O'Hara revived so dramatically—the excitement of a runaway world record—Ron Clarke of Australia may well continue. END



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A new race produces an old Ferrari story

Carroll Shelby's swift new Cobra threw a scare into the Ferrari camp as America's latest and longest race unfolded at Daytona, but in the end a bobtailed coupe (above) led a sweep for the perennial champions

William Henry Getty (Bill) France, big daddy of auto racing in the South, is a large individual possessed of large ambitions. In a decade he has magnified the old Daytona Beach, Fla. Speed Week into a month-long motoring carnival involving not only stock cars, which he practically invented, but also world championship sports car and motorcycle races and passenger car trials.

Last Sunday, France clapped on a black pillbox cap brashly copied from the familiar headpiece of another imposing gentleman, Charles de Gaulle, and launched a splendacious new race. Called the Daytona Continental, it covered 2,000 kilometers (or 1,243 miles, the distance from Manhattan to Minneapolis) and lasted nearly 13 ear-busting, car-breaking hours.

It thus became the longest race in America, which was Big Bill's big idea all along. Until Sunday, the longest was the 12-hour event at Sebring, down-state a ways from Daytona. Undoubtedly France sprang the 2,000-kilometer Continental to top Sebring, although he bats his blue eyes in "Who, me?" innocence over such talk.

Since the race was for that breed of sports racer called the Grand Touring car, an exotic animal in America, France went flat out to Frenchify the surroundings. He ordered his Daytona International Speedway officials to put on French military kepis, too, and had information posters put up in both French and English. Down in *les pits*, the seemly curves of Miss Universe, Ieda Maria Vargas of Brazil, contributed to the worldly ambiance France was seeking to establish in this rather puzzled grits-and-gravy town.

As practice began on the Speedway's steep banked turns and tight infield road course, Italy's glamorous crimson Ferraris assumed their accustomed role as the cars to beat. This was Ferrari's first defense of its 1963 GT championship. The defenders were potent, America's former world-champion driver, Phil Hill, paired with the Latin leadfoot, Pedro Rodriguez, in one wailing factory coupe; the seasoned American racers Walt Hansgen and Bob Grossman in another.

To insiders, combining Hill and Rodriguez was a little like letting Drs. Casey and Kildare operate on the same patient, so different are their driving styles. Hill, best of the world's endurance drivers, has a delicate touch. Rodriguez is straight Mexican *mole* sauce—a very hot driver and very hard on cars.

The Ferraris were chaperoned by Luigi Chinetti, Enzo Ferrari's man in America, and he was wailing louder than the cars. "We have a strike at the factory," he cried, shrugging expressively. "Things look bad."

What did that have to do with this week's race? "We are bound to have trouble," he responded opaquely.

"Strike," barked Carroll Shelby, builder of the Ford-engined, Anglo-American Cobras. "Ferrari always has a strike, to hear Chinetti tell it."

For Hill it was a reunion of sorts with Ferrari, whose works' team he angrily left after the 1962 season—a one-shot free-lance arrangement, permitted under a new contract he has made with Ford Motor Company. He was as unimpressed by Chinetti's strike talk as by the trip-hammer speech of his Italian mechanics. "This melodic, wonderful-sounding chatter," he said, "is usually something as mundane as 'Have you looked at the spark plugs?' "

Against the factory cars and three other hot Ferraris, Shelby flung three

continued

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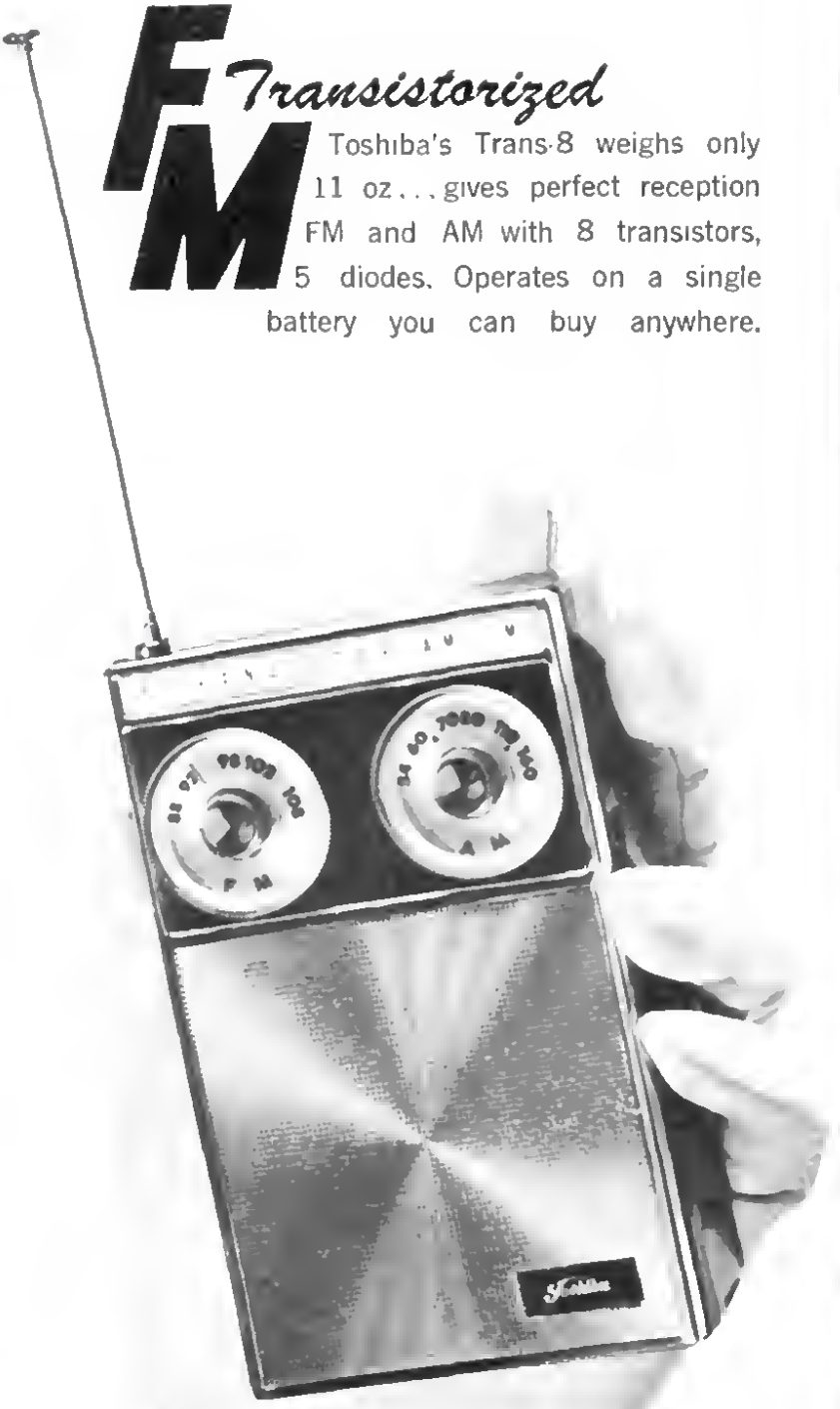
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Cobras. Shelby, lean and taut at 41 with a weathered, deeply etched plainsman's face, once raced in Ferraris. Now his most ardent desire is to clobber them. "One of these days I will," he said.

Hoping that day would be Sunday, he worked long to tune two normal competition Cobras (as opposed to the street models, of which he builds 65 a month) and also brought along a spiffy new Cobra—an aerodynamic coupe.

It was in this 180-mph racer that he paired two of the finest drivers in America, the veteran Bob Holbert and a damn-the-hay-bales newcomer, Dave MacDonald. In one of the normal Cobras he put the superb Grand Prix driver Dan Gurney and steady Bob Johnson, in the other, two French drivers.

Chinetti, confident in his Ferraris' speed and reliability despite his fussing, could not resist making a crack at the Americans' earnest preparations. "After all," he said, "the best American sports car is the Jeep, no?"

The only other threats to the Ferraris in the Continental field of 42 cars were two English Aston Martins, and the Aston Martin people were playing it cool.

"We are interested in the Ferrari-Cobra affair," said Driver Roy Salvadori, "but one must expect a Ferrari victory."

First, however, Bill France sharpened the worldly appetites of his customers with a 250-mile sprint on Saturday for prototype sports cars. The first half featured an exciting wheel-to-wheel scrap between the Scarab-Chevy of A.J. Foyt and the Lotus-Ford of Dan Gurney. Then Gurney's car faltered and Foyt won in leisurely fashion.

Finally, beneath an overcast Sabbath sky, Bill France's latest and longest race began. From the first it was a Ferrari-Cobra fight, and Ferrari men who had figured Shelby's cars would not stand the pounding of so long an ordeal looked grim as the Holbert-MacDonald coupe led for hours on end. It was the spectators' turn to be glum when the Cobra caught fire from spilled gasoline in a freak pit accident and was suddenly and shockingly—out. The Hill-Rodriguez Ferrari coasted to victory. Other unbreakable Ferraris were second, third and fifth.

But, watch out, Ferrari. The Gurney-Johnson Cobra was a creditable fourth, and Carroll Shelby had clearly demonstrated that the conquering Ferraris could be challenged. **END**

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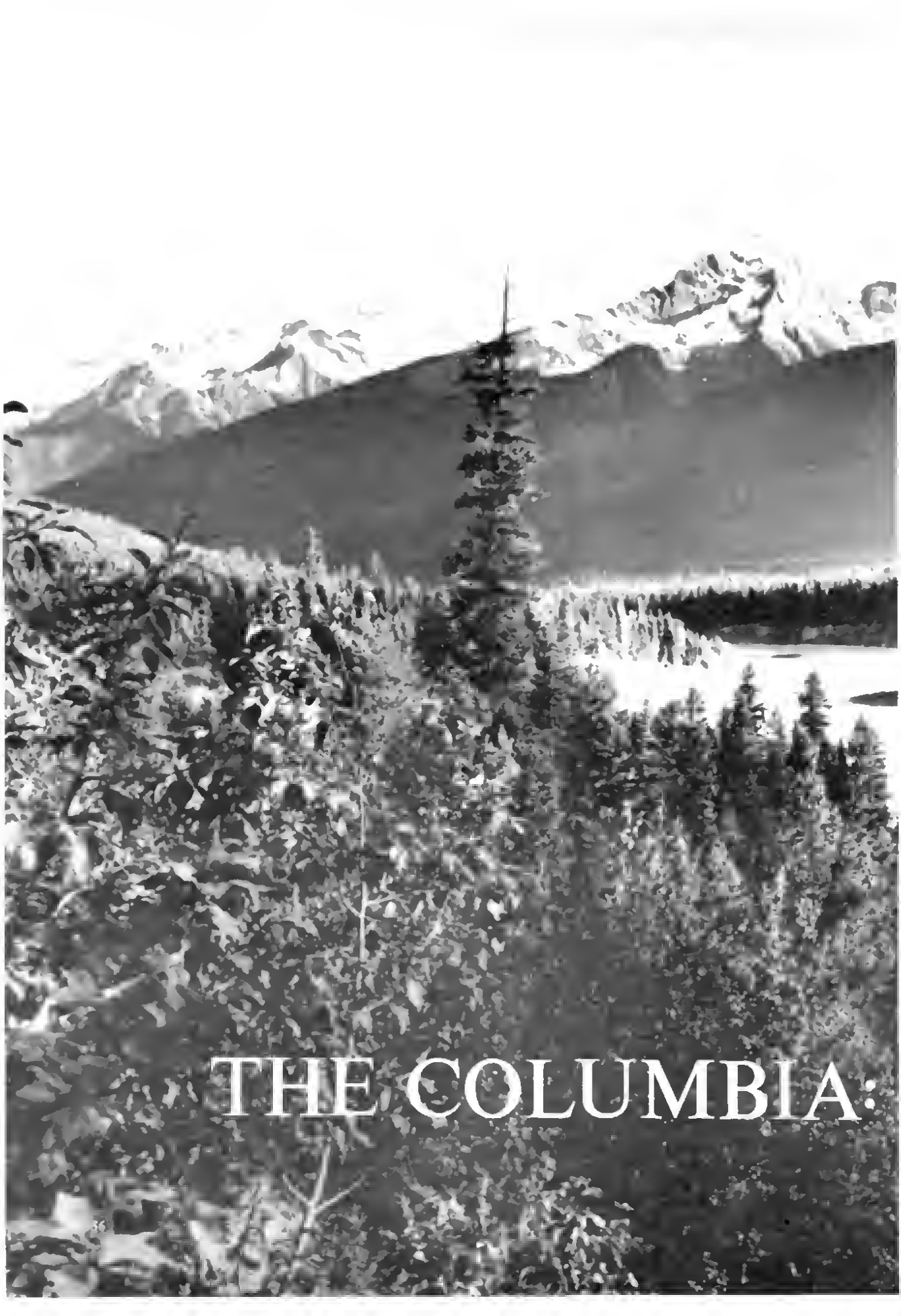
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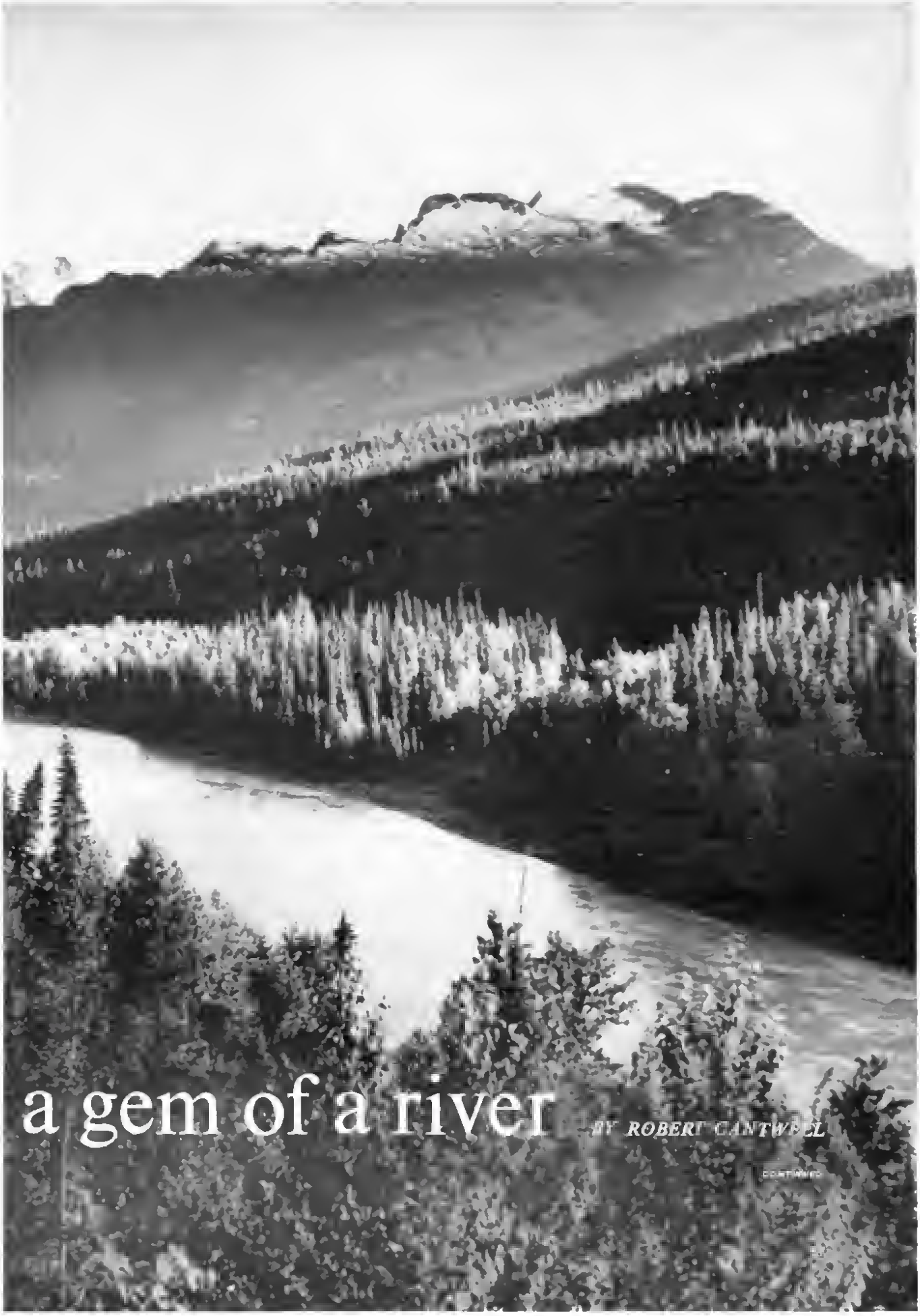
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THE COLUMBIA:



a gem of a river

BY ROBERT CANTWELL

CONTINUED

From Grand Coulee Dam to the sea, the Columbia is familiar, but in its little-known Canadian reaches it is a surging, mysterious stream that flows both north and south through a vast wilderness

Between the Selkirks and the Rockies in eastern British Columbia there is a high, narrow valley that suffers from the indignity of being known as the Rocky Mountain Trench. Whatever that may mean geologically, it is akin to describing the Taj Mahal as an eight-sided building. The trench is really a world of its own, a green and grassy plain a few miles wide lying warm and sheltered beneath the glaciers, with innumerable little streams careering through gorges and curving through groves of trees. It is a region famed for its windless fall days, its historic hunting grounds and its forests that somehow suggest, even in their primeval depths, a vast park or playground. But if the trench is a wonder, what runs through it and out of it is wondrous indeed. There is, first, a smallish river called the Kootenay. And then there is a brash, roaring, marvelous monster of a river that would be famed and heralded but for the fact that so few people know its far reaches. This is the Columbia. Four weeks ago the U.S. and Canada agreed on a treaty for the development of the upper Columbia, development that will, eventually, make the river more accessible. What has been a remote haunt for a few hardy travelers at last will come into its own as a locale for outdoor recreation on a grand scale. Nor are any of these future visitors likely to call the area a trench.

In 1962 the last link of the Trans-Canada Highway was opened through Rogers Pass between Golden, where the Columbia River flows its improbable way north, and Revelstoke where, after a 200-mile wilderness detour, it has gotten itself straightened out and flows calmly south—the direction a right-thinking river ought to run. The Golden-Revelstoke road crosses the Selkirk Mountains, a maze of gigantic 10,000-foot peaks that were old before the Rockies emerged from the sea. The Selkirks rise humped and awkward above velvet timberlands for three-quarters of the distance to their summits, and then soar to knife-edged flint pyramids, their flat snow plains and black rock shadows stark against the sky—a sea of mountains so vast that early travelers despaired of ever finding a route to the Pacific through their hidden defiles. The opening of the highway was an almost poignant occasion of national rejoicing, and an indication of what sort of travel can be expected on the upper Columbia in the future. There were 21,000 carloads of visitors the first week, and Revelstoke, a town of 2,100, found itself with 1,200 sightseers a day.

But let there be no fears of overcrowding. Half a million people could be swallowed up in the woods without one of them being able to hear the next one call for help. In *The Columbia*, written 15 years ago, Murray Morgan gave a good account of what this territory is like. He had followed a dirt road along the Columbia to Downie Creek, which flows into the Columbia above Revelstoke. Here, he wrote, is one of the finest campgrounds in North America, with the snow-covered mountains near the river, the smell of cedar sharp in the thin cool air, and the Columbia itself, "a living thing, strong and beautiful. . . . While the sky darkens and the pinpoint stars expand and the nightbirds call in the dark woods, it is easy to slip back a century."

It is still easy. I was at Revelstoke the week the new highway opened, and I drove up Morgan's road and stopped at the campground he described. The washboarded road bumped along the densely wooded slope, and bits of the wild green Columbia could be seen far below, mere glimpses caught between huge tree trunks. From the headlands, where the road came out into the open above the river, awesome vistas unfolded of tier after tier of evergreen mountains and glinting white peaks.

After the town and the traffic of the new highway had been left behind, I did not see a person for 40 miles. There were a few abandoned cabins, a deserted shingle mill, an inhabited dwelling at Downie Creek, and another at the Big Bend of the Columbia, 65 miles farther north, but that was about all. If anything, the seclusion was deeper than it was when Morgan wrote, for the old road was no longer kept up. And this was, of course, only the accessible fringe of the wilderness, for Downie Creek once had a gold rush, and some of the country has been logged.

The Columbia has created a kind of gigantic flume for itself as it races through these woods. Bowl-shaped stones half the size of a man's head have been hammered into the banks by the current, fitting as snugly as if driven in by hand. Below this stone wall there is often a narrow beach of overlapping rocks that have been packed one on top of the other like the scales of a fish by the rush and weight of the water. At Downie Creek, which is still a thousand miles from the sea, the Columbia is 500 feet across and about 12 feet deep, moving at seven to 12 miles an hour. In the 292 miles from its source to this point the river has dropped 1,065 feet, but there are no falls and not many rapids in its descent: it slides down an incline, the smooth stones offering scarcely more resistance than so many ball bearings. The air along the river seems to vibrate with its power. A rock the size of a bowling ball, dropped into the water, may be carried 10 feet before it sinks out of sight. A viewer is likely to be startled by sudden, drumlike rumbles, thuds and growls from below the surface, as stones—or something—shift in the depths. Here, for the first time, it is easy to credit a statistic that otherwise seems unbelievable: the Columbia River contains a third of all the water power that can be produced by all the rivers in North America.

An undiscourageable sportsman, I tried fishing here. On my first cast into this pistonlike current, I lost my spinner, a saffron-colored fluorescent item closely resembling a piece

of costume jewelry that I had been told would catch fish in the Columbia if anything would. So I quit fishing and scrambled through the woods above the bank. I soon found that the Columbia keeps one at a distance. Only rarely, at the mouths of such creeks as Downie and at occasional gravel bars, was it possible to get close to the river. At other places, vine maples and even small pines elbowed out over the water above the wall of stones, and the current was so strong that wading beyond these projections is most unattractive. Back from the riverbanks the woods were often fairly open cedar groves, aromatic and soft underfoot. Tracks of deer were everywhere, and the forest seemed ideal for birds. Yet the dominant impression was of utter silence, a silence strangely deepened by the hum of the river itself. There was a literal accuracy to the lines of William Cullen Bryant, who called the river the Oregon but was writing of the Columbia:

> *. . . the cantinuous woods*
> *Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound*
> *Save his own dashings—*

There is a trail from Downie Creek to nearby Death Rapids—the worst rapids on the whole Columbia—but I missed it, and instead came out on a bluff 200 or 300 feet above the river. There was a sort of terrace of light-green ferns and pine needles beneath some good-sized trees, and at this distance the 15-foot waves in the rapids looked almost tranquil, and their roar was softened to a pulsebeat. There are innumerable accounts of how Death Rapids got its name, the likeliest involving a Hudson Bay fur trader who, accustomed to the rivers east of the Rockies, denounced his companions as cowards when they wanted to line the canoe through the rapids. He cut the rope and pushed the craft into the water, with the loss of 16 lives. Bryant's lines were even more haunting:

> *Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no saund*
> *Save his awn dashings—yet—the dead are there.*

In the evening, when I went down the Columbia several miles tu fish at the mouth uf another creek, the silence was deeper. The river widened here to half a mile, with a low gravel bar in midstream. On the far side a sharp, triangular 8,000-foot peak rose almost sheer above the trees. In 1865 an exploring party looking for a wagon route to the gold fields found a pass below the mountain. It was never used, though a trail of sorts still runs through there, and the spot has become the subject of worry to one country and threat by another. When the U.S. and Canada were arguing two years ago over the treaty they have now settled on, it was pointed out that the Canadians need only bore a hole in the mountains a little north of Revelstoke and the Columbia would drain into the Fraser River and then forthwith to the sea. This would make Grand Coulee Dam the world's biggest wall across a dry gulch and turn off lights from Seattle to Los Angeles, among other things. In Canada a committee of the House of Commons was told that such an

continued



The upper Columbia, which goes north from Canal Flats, shaws its perplexing relatianship with the Kootenay, headed south a nile away. The rivers autline an immense area famous far hunting.

action would be completely legal under international law. "Whether it would be a wise or friendly thing to do," said the committee's legal consultant, "is another point." The U.S. Government was in no mood to argue the point, and the treaty talks moved with dispatch after the feasibility of this bit of engineering derring-don't was made clear.

I found an empty forest-service cabin at the mouth of this second creek. An otter undulated across one of the floor joists below the cabin as I came up, then moved unhurriedly away. The air was still, and the high rocks on the peak across the river were yellow and warm in the late sunlight. But a pennant of snow and vapor began streaming eastward from the summit ridge, and little billows of mist soon rose and vanished in the trees below the timberline. During the hour or so that I fished, the pennant stretched steadily east, and the thickening clouds became indistinguishable from the planes of snow near the summit. The world suddenly turned gray, and out in the river clouds of spray were lifted 20 or 30 feet in the air, blowing upstream in fitful and erratic sheets of mist like dust in a desert windstorm, though on the bank the branches of the trees were motionless.

Never have I had so strong an impression of natural power made visible, or so strong a sense of some issue of consequence related to a place. The Columbia always seemed a river of destiny to its explorers and the abiding impression it communicates now is that something of lasting importance is involved in its dark and wild passage. "This river exceeds in grandeur any other in the world," said Paul Kane, the great wilderness painter, "not so much for the volume of its water, though that is immense, as for the romantic wildness of its stupendous and ever-varying scenery." Kane came through this same area about a century ago, after a lifetime of traveling that had taken him to many rivers. "The most terrific grandeur," noted David Douglas, the botanist for whom the Douglas fir is named. "Passing this place just as the sun was tipping the mountains, his feeble rays now and then seen through the shady forests, imparts a melancholy sensation of no ordinary description, filling the mind with awe."

A man who would take himself to British Columbia and to the Selkirk Mountains and to a town called Revelstoke and up a rutted road from there to Downie Creek—a man who would do all that just to savor the Columbia in its wilderness is a man, I confess, possessed. But even once you have done this, and seen the Columbia in its mightiness, you have not put yourself at ease, for you are possessed again, this time with the necessity for seeing where this river begins. That is my excuse, at least, for what I did next. I made my way 300-odd miles southeastward to where the Columbia rises in a small gravel plain at a place called Canal Flats (pop. 356), roughly 80 miles north of the U.S.-Canada boundary. Canal Flats has a little sawmill, a railroad siding and the ruins of a timbered canal lock. A sign depicting an up-rearing grizzly bear with bloody jaws stands at the junction of the side road leading to the one-block business district. It says, in somewhat shaky letters, WELCOME TO CANAL FLATS. The town describes itself as the grizzly-bear capital of the world, and closer examination of the sign reveals that there is a cut-out figure of a hunter below the bear. He is kneeling and has just shot the grizzly. However, weeds have grown over the hunter. He can hardly be seen without a search, and the sign, as a result, looks like the least hospitable invitation to a town ever placed beside a road. Canal Flats is correct to consider itself a great hunting center, however, and every fall it fills up with parties—unintimidated by the sign—that have come in quest of the moose, elk, deer, bear, cougar and mountain goat that range through the area.

Canal Flats is the source of the Columbia, yet only a few hundred yards out of town is the Kootenay River, whose headwaters are 90 miles north in the Rockies. The Kootenay passes Canal Flats flowing rapidly southward, while the Columbia gathers volume and velocity and begins flowing north. They pass in opposite directions so close that you can see both from a little hill, and this very situation is another of the Columbia's wonders that has tried men's patience and imagination, if not their souls.

No other river system on earth contains anything comparable to the perplexing relationship of these two streams. The Columbia flows north for 232 miles, turns due south at the Big Bend, and after 465 miles in Canada crosses the international boundary into Washington. The Kootenay flows 172 miles through Idaho and Montana, then turns back into Canada, creating Kootenay Lake, which drains into the Columbia itself just before the Columbia becomes a U.S. river. The Kootenay is as much as 11 feet higher than the Columbia where they pass each other at Canal Flats, and the land between them is a level expanse of gravel covered thinly with grass and alders and willows and small pines. It seems that you could scrape a stick between them and start the Kootenay flowing into the Columbia. Once started, it would certainly deepen its own ditch.

This is no new idea. Back in 1882 a 31-year-old Irish-Austrian hunter named William Adolph Baillie-Grohman was looking for mountain goats when he stumbled upon the source of the Columbia and saw the Columbia and Kootenay racing past each other like trains going in opposite directions on adjoining tracks. Baillie-Grohman's life was never the same thereafter, something frequently noted about people who get mixed up with the Columbia. When he got back to the map room of the British Museum in London he found that "while all the travelers who had visited the spot and left any record behind them had noticed and expressed surprise at this singular configuration, none appeared to realize the importance of a canal between the two rivers."

Baillie-Grohman was perhaps the foremost hunting writer of the time, with an unparalleled following among British aristocrats. He was the sort of writer who contributed serious articles to sporting journals, advising his readers

continued



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not to take their valets with them on hunting trips to Wyoming. He argued that valets also ate, so more food would have to be packed in, which would require another packhorse and perhaps another handler, who would also need supplies. Also he warned that if you took a portable bathtub along and expected your valet to prepare your bath after a day's hunt someone would probably shoot holes in the bottom of the bathtub.

Baillie-Grohman's idea was to turn the Kootenay into the Columbia and thus develop for agriculture the rich land that could not now be used because of the Kootenay's fierce annual floods. A peppery little man with a spiked mustache and a combative disposition, he had prepared for his lifework by memorizing the measurements of virtually every trophy head in the world. No small part of the correspondence columns in English periodicals was filled with his denunciations of the errors of other authorities. He was particularly severe with an unfortunate Tacoma taxidermist who was reported to have an elk head with antlers measuring 70 inches. Baillie-Grohman was certain that the record was 62½ inches, and that his own best head, shot in the Wind River Range in Wyoming and awarded first prize at the American Trophy show in London in 1887, was second at 60½ inches. When word reached Baillie-Grohman that there was an elk head on the wall of a firehouse in Portland, Ore. measuring 73 inches he was sure it was a fake. Hurrying to the spot, he secured the assistance of people he described as some of the leading citizens of Portland, climbed a ladder to look at the antlers at close range and concluded they were made from two separate pairs carefully joined by plaster. "I at once communicated my suspicions," he wrote, "and suggested that an investigator should tap the upper length of either antler with a hammer, which would cause particles of the cement to become dislodged." The owner refused, but when the trophy was later sold, cement was found.

Obviously, Baillie-Grohman was the ideal person to start a major engineering project in a remote country, and when he formed the Kootenay Syndicate a large number of titled Englishmen eagerly joined his company, some of them hurrying west to build country houses along the Columbia River. Lady Gwendoline Rous, a daughter of the Earl of Stradbroke, and Mrs. Algernon St. Maur, who later became the Duchess of Somerset, were among these early visitors. Money was also put into Baillie-Grohman's project by Lord Norbury, who settled across the Kootenay not far away, and by Lady Adela Cochrane, an intrepid woman who eventually operated a placer mine on Findlay Creek about four miles from Canal Flats. Additional financial support came from Frank Lascelles, a son of the Earl of Harewood, who, as a wilderness historian wrote, "climaxed his many eccentricities . . . by shooting and killing his Chinese servant at his home at Columbia Lake." A little later, Captain Northcote Cantile, a nephew of Lord Mount Stephen, became a prominent figure on the upper Columbia, always drinking champagne for breakfast and accompanied everywhere by his personal attendant wearing Highland regalia and playing the bagpipes. All of which was pretty heady stuff by Northwest standards.

From the provincial government Baillie-Grohman received a grant of 47,500 acres, plus every inch of valley lying between the U.S. border and Kootenay Lake, a stupendous chunk of fantastically beautiful real estate. In his eagerness to develop the Kootenay, however, he had not thought enough about what might happen to the Columbia when the waters of the Kootenay were added to it. When he arrived at Canal Flats in the summer of 1884 with a party of English backers, he found the Canadian government had put a stop to his work. The trouble, or at least part of the trouble, was that the Kootenay's flood waters, added to those of the Columbia, would almost certainly wash away the tracks and bridges of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was then being constructed down the river. In justice to Baillie-Grohman, it should be said that when he first came upon the Columbia

continued



Famed Hunter and Author Baillie-Grohman, shown here with his record elk head, had a spectacular scheme for the Columbia.

there were only 11 settlers in a region as big as England and Wales, and it would have taken a Noah-sized flood to cause the least concern. Also, the railroad had changed its plans, threading through the Selkirks to Revelstoke instead of following the Columbia around the Big Bend.

Baillie-Grohman lit into the government of Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway with the energy he had formerly devoted to exposing false claims to hunting records. He accused them of treachery, deceit, fraud, theft, graft, high freight rates and the appropriation of articles from a box of clothes sent to him by his tailor in London. The political and commercial agencies quickly capitulated, and a compromise was worked out: Baillie-Grohman could not dig a drainage canal, but he could build a navigation canal, with locks, across Canal Flats, and he was given an additional grant of 78,500 acres because he could not reclaim flood land as he had planned.

To add to his trials, he was pursued by a wealthy and vengeful American named Robert Sproule, who vowed to shoot him on sight in a dispute about a gold mine on Kootenay Lake. On one occasion Sproule jumped from behind a tree on a trail only three feet away and fired. Baillie-Grohman's horse reared and the shot missed. On another occasion Baillie-Grohman was riding on a train on his way to file a warrant for Sproule's arrest, when Sproule sat down behind him in the smoker. They rode along for several miles with Sproule's revolver pressed against Baillie-Grohman's head. Finally the conductor persuaded Sproule to put the gun away. Shortly thereafter, Sproule killed another man involved in the mine dispute and was hanged.

"The experiences of that summer, 1884," wrote Baillie-Grohman, "in spite of the hard work and the sinister events . . . were of the pleasantest kind."

As a result of Baillie-Grohman's enterprise, the upper Columbia became a fashionable place to be. Walter Clutterbuck and James Lees, a pair of famous travel writers who could show occasional Gilbert-and-Sullivan flashes of wit, arrived to gather material for a book. Count Ernst Hoyos and Count Ferdinand Trauttsmannsdorff of the Imperial Court in Vienna came to hunt mountain goats. One of the owners of Tiffany's in New York was located near by. The Duke of Somerset was another aristocratic frontiersman and bought his moccasins at Baillie-Grohman's store. It was, in all, a brilliant society.

An improvised steamboat, the *Duchess*, ran the 100 miles from the railroad at Golden to Canal Flats, making the upstream trip in two days and coming back in one. Soon really fine steamers, with baths and comfortable staterooms, were in use, for the river voyages became a popular side trip for transcontinental passengers. What made the trip thrilling to tourists was the savor of a new country that the Duchess of Somerset captured in her charming *Impressions of a Tenderfoot* and which moved Clutterbuck and Lees to eloquence: ". . . the sense of freedom, the exhilarating atmosphere, the scent of the pine forests, the glancing and splashing of the torrent, the glow of the rising sun and the thousand and one adjuncts that go to make up enjoyment, and without which the most lovely prospect imaginable is but a poor thing. There is only one way in which any real idea of these treasures . . . can be obtained, and that is to go yourself."

The tourists did go, at least until 1915, when the steamboats stopped running, but they could not help Baillie-Grohman's river-diversion project. He could afford to dig a 6,700-foot canal across Canal Flats, but the two locks, 35 feet wide and 125 feet long, proved a disastrous difficulty. There was no foundation below the watery gravel, and the locks cost more than the land grant was worth. Only two boats ever went through the canal. One of these, the *Northern Star*, was too big for the locks, so an improvised dam of sand-filled ore bags was piled around it, the Kootenay was sealed off behind, and the ore sacks in front blown up with dynamite, sending the *Northern Star* scooting across the flats on the crest of a wave. It was hardly a practical method of steamboating, and by then Baillie-Grohman had long since retired to his ancestral estate in Austria. Soon little remained of Baillie-Grohman's project except a ditch, about 10 feet wide and a foot deep, that stretched halfway across Canal Flats and was filled with water clear as glass. Small pines grew up along the bank, adding a landscaped air that seemed strange in the wild surroundings.

This is the way things were when a 68-year-old retired civil engineer named Madison Lorraine visited Canal Flats in 1921. He found that nothing was left of the place except an abandoned boxcar on a railroad siding. He had come to Canal Flats on an impulse (I am not the only man the Columbia has possessed, you see) and had learned that no one had ever made a continuous trip from the source of the river to the mouth. He decided to try it, "to record my protest," he wrote, "against the present unjust, as well as senseless . . . theory that men are no longer efficient after 45 or 50 years of age."

Using the boxcar as his shop, he built a 17-foot rowboat, and on the morning of June 13, 1921 began rowing north, down the Columbia. His equipment consisted of a tent, a sleeping bag, a typewriter, a camera, his boat-building tools, fishing tackle, shotgun, rifle and 110 pounds of ammunition. He had a pleasant trip, people on both sides of the border believing that he was a bootlegger.

Like everyone else who ever had anything to do with the Columbia, Lorraine felt that his journey was somehow tremendously important, though he could not say why. He believed it unnatural that Canadians and Americans were unfamiliar with "the location, course and character of the Columbia," since the river rivaled the Mississippi and he thought the universal ignorance stemmed from the fact that authorities studied only the American or the Canadian sections and did not ever sit down to consider the river as a whole.

Bending on his oars, Madison Lorraine certainly did so. Avoiding the purple prose found in other reports on the river, he merely noted what he found, mile by mile: a strong

continued

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headwind on Columbia Lake (13 miles long); a hot spring, with a temperature of 115°; a duck on a snag, which he shot; a three-mile current in the 90 miles from the lake to Golden, a gorge a mile long and 100 to 200 feet wide at Redgrave Canyon below Golden where the water was 70 feet deep; a three-mile stretch of continuous had water at Surprise Rapids below the mouth of Bush River, where he lined his hoat down, and 23 rapids in the 20 miles below Kinhasket Lake where the river dropped 316 feet and where he could make only three miles a day. A miner had a cahin at Mica Creek 10 miles downstream from the Big Bend, and the next human heing he encountered was a prospector, 40 miles farther on, who helped him line his hoat down Death Rapids. Thereafter the current carried him 40 or 50 miles a day, except through the 100 miles of Upper and Lower Arrow lakes. He passed the point where the Kootenay joined the Columbia, almost douhling its volume, and then camped on the U.S.-Canada boundary, where the Columhia was 1,290 feet ahove sea level, having dropped 1,360 feet. He now had hard going through the dry, rocky lava beds of eastern Washington until the river swung west to the foot of the Cascades, curved eastward again to meet the Snake, then flowed due west to the sea. By now the Columbia was flowing at about 150,000 cubic feet a second (compared to the Mississippi's more than 200,000 cubic feet a second at New Orleans), or roughly 34 times the volume of the Hudson. On a rainy November morning Lorraine tied up at a dock at Astoria, Ore., having rowed his boat 1,246 miles and portaged or lined nine miles of rapids, an epic achievement that first communicated a sense of the magnitude of the river as a whole.

Two summers ago a 21-year-old Santa Ana College student, Alex Laird, who had heen inspired hy Lorraine's account, became the second person to make a continuous voyage the length of the river, leaving Canal Flats in a canvas canoe on July 4 and reaching Astoria three months later. Except for the smooth water hehind the big dams in Washington, Laird found that little had changed on the river in 41 years. The only profound difference was in the stretch of the Columbia immediately south of the border. Where Lorraine had hoisted and yanked his hoat over rocky ledges, there is now a 150-mile tree-lined lake hehind one of the largest man-made concrete structures on earth, Grand Coulee Dam. It is true that the water and the campsites and recreation facilities look a little unreal amid the hare hills. It is also true, what with Chief Joseph Dam, Bonneville Dam, The Dalles, Ice Harhor and a multitude of other dams, that critics have become increasingly articulate ahout the transformation of living rivers into stagnant reservoirs behind concrete walls. The best U.S. dam sites have been used, and each new projected dam generally has some tangihle disadvantage, like the interference with the Chinook salmon run that created a crisis over Mayfield Dam on the Cowlitz, or the blocking of steelheads from their spawning grounds that led to a bitter struggle over the proposed Nez Perce Dam on the Snake.

Yet in Canada, where the real power of the river is concentrated, there has never been a dam on the Columhia. The treaty that the U.S. and Canada agreed upon last month will change all that. Two dams on the Kootenay and two on the Columhia will launch a gigantic development of the Northwest area that will dwarf the Saint Lawrence Seaway project. Flood control benefits alone will exceed $100 million a year throughout the whole Columbia River system, and even this is a small benefit compared to the tremendous hydroelectric power that the dams will provide. What this all portends is an opening up of the northern Columhia, but hardly a despoiling of it. The 465 miles of the Columhia in Canada will still he marked hy only two dams—compared to 28 built or being constructed in the U.S. section of the Columhia watershed.

Nor does it seem a distortion of nature that a smooth-water lake should reach 50 miles up the Canoe River, where in 1811 David Thompson poled his way against the current at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, and where there has scarcely been a visitor since his time. There seems nothing wrong with a plan for threads of water to lace these mountains together. It is a magnificent notion. It is connected with a sense of opportunity, something new in the world in international cooperation for peaceful ends. Perhaps the best statement of it comes at the conclusion of Raymond Patterson's recent hook, *The Buffalo Head*. Patterson describes crossing the mountains and the valleys of the Elk and the Kootenay to the headwaters of the Columhia: "There was a moose hrowsing in the willows down below me in the valley bottom—and another moose a mile or so to the north, heading for the pass. One or two more elk came into sight, coming out of Le Roy Creek Valley—and then more and more. They streamed steadily around the point of the mountain, coming from God knows where, and they kept on coming. I counted up to about 70 and then I gave it up. I just sat there entranced, watching them, cows, young bulls, old bulls with their glorious antlers, as they moved slowly and quietly across the tawny mountainside, feeding as they went, headed for the pass.

"Late that evening I made my usual round of the horses. If, I thought, this valley had been in the mountains of Europe it would have seen so much: ambushes and raids, the journeyings of princes and of merchant caravans, the passage of armies. These things would have been a part of the history of our own people and we should have known of them. And so, upon this camp, with its horse bells and its crackling stove and the candlelight that glowed so warmly through the tent walls, the past would have come crowding in and we would have felt, all around us, the quiet pressure of the vanished centuries. . . . But here nothing had ever happened."

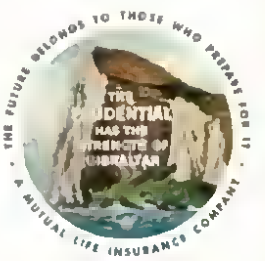
Now things will happen, small things still when compared to all that vastness. Now others, too, will come to the Columhia and look with awe as I did, and be possessed. END



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YESTERDAY

He Scored Every Time He Shot

Or so it seamed 10 years ago when Bevo Francis set national college basketball records that still stand

by PAUL STEWART

A little more than a decade ago a skinny 6-foot 9-inch farm boy named Clarence Franklin (Bevo) Francis sank baskets at a faster rate than anyone else ever had, and immediately won national fame for himself and a little country college in Ohio. The school was Rio (pronounced Rye-o) Grande and few but its student body and their families were aware of its existence before Bevo came along. Then, in 1952, he led its basketball team in a 39-game winning streak that took Rio Grande out of the hinterlands and into such metropolitan basketball centers as Madison Square Garden and Boston Garden.

Bevo Francis had inherited his unusual nickname from his father, who was called Big Bevo because of his fondness for a Prohibition era near beer of the same name. At first Bevo was called Little Bevo, but his height eventually turned that into an absurdity. At the age of 13 he was well over 6 feet tall and still growing.

Perhaps because of his rapid growth, Bevo suffered from anemia and generally poor health which caused him to miss several years of school during his childhood. When he was able to, however, he played basketball constantly, usually on a makeshift court. "We would go up to a neighbor's barn every Friday night," said Bevo. "And we would not come out again until Sunday night. We would even buy food and take it up there and sleep in the hay after we were through playing."

Newt Oliver, the basketball coach at Rio Grande, first spotted Bevo at Wellsville High School in the southern Ohio farm country. Oliver coached the Wellsville basketball team then, and Bevo, who was in his senior year, had come out for the team for the first time. "As soon as I saw him play I knew he was going to be great," said Oliver. "I was right, too. With Bevo leading the way, we won 23 games and lost only two."

Oliver, who was only 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighed 145, drilled Bevo in the fundamentals of the fast break and made him practice his shooting until he was exhausted. When the season was over, Bevo had scored 776 points and was considered one of the top high school players in the Midwest.

Shortly after Bevo's senior year ended, Oliver accepted the job of coaching the Rio Grande basketball team. Bevo, despite scholarship offers from some 60 other colleges, enrolled at Rio Grande the following fall. He lacked two credits for his high school diploma, however, and to make them up had to attend high school classes during his first college semester.

Oliver worked hard to build a team around Bevo's shooting—a team that would feed Bevo the ball every chance it could. Bevo himself spent long hours practicing his right-handed push shot until he could hit with it from just about anywhere 75% of the time. Led by Bevo, Rio Grande won every game it played—usually by large scores—during the early part of the 1952-53 season. The names of Bevo Francis, Newt Oliver and Rio Grande began to appear in wire-service stories when Bevo's point total approached 1,000 in early January.

Then, on January 9, 1953, in a game against Ashland Junior College of Kentucky, Bevo gained national fame. The first half of the game was inauspicious for him. He scored 38 points, a princely total for any other basketball player but barely enough for Bevo to break his record of 72, made several weeks earlier. During the second half of the game, however, the roof almost came off the Hog Pen—the students' name for Rio's dingy, dilapidated gym—as Bevo sank a shot just about every time he flicked his right hand at the basket.

The black scoreboard at one end of the Hog Pen stopped registering after 99 points went up on it, and still Bevo kept scoring. By the time the final buzzer sounded, Bevo had tossed in 116 points on 47 field goals and 22 free throws. The NCAA promptly listed his 116

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points as a college record and included Bevo's totals all season in its list of leading college scorers. When the season ended, Bevo had scored 1,954 points, averaged 50.1 a game and Rio Grande had won 39 straight. Most college coaches were outraged, however, over Bevo's records. They felt that since Rio played most of its games against service teams and junior colleges, Bevo's performance was not up to NCAA standards. Because of the uproar, the NCAA finally threw out most of Bevo's point totals—including his 116 against Ashland—and counted only those scored against four-year colleges.

Oliver immediately scheduled only four-year colleges for Rio Grande in the 1953-54 season, and the team drew capacity crowds wherever it played. Against tougher competition Rio lost a few games but beat such major colleges as Butler, Creighton, Miami and Wake Forest. With his teammates feeding him the ball whenever they got it, Bevo still threw in points at a dizzy rate.

When the season was over, Bevo had scored 1,255 points on 444 field goals and averaged 46.5 points a game. These marks still stand in the NCAA record book as one-season highs for small-college players. Also listed under Bevo's name are the four highest single-game totals for small-college players—113, 84, 82 and 72 points.

Bevo never got another chance to improve on his records, however. In the spring of 1954 Rio Grande expelled him for not attending classes. (Bevo says he quit school on his own two weeks before.) Oliver left Rio soon after and the two got together again on a tour with the Harlem Globetrotters. Oliver coached and Bevo played for the Boston Whirlwinds, a team that nightly opposed the Globetrotters. After two and a half years the two left the tour—Oliver to teach at a rural Ohio school and Bevo to play exhibitions with another team. After spending the 1958-59 season in the Eastern League, a tough pro minor league where he averaged 28 points a game, Bevo retired from basketball. He was bothered by a bad knee, but most of all he was tired of traveling. Today Bevo lives in Highlandtown, near Wellsville, with his wife and two children and works as a truck driver for a cement company. "Sometimes I think of going back," says Bevo, "but I'd rather stay home with my family." END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

This was the week that tournament selectors began gathering in the nation's leading independents. The NCAA snapped up defending champion Loyola, Villanova, Providence, Creighton, Texas Western, Oregon State, Utah State, Seattle and Louisville, while New York's NIT took NYU, Pitt and DePaul.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. KENTUCKY (16-2) 2. DUKE (17-3) 3. DAVIDSON (19-3)

Davidson's precocious young Wildcats were suddenly acting like harmless tabby cats. Their fast break and pressing defense came apart against FURMAN and the Paladins, shooting cautiously, quite unexpectedly drubbed them 70–55. Davidson looked better against DUKE at Durham, but once the capable Blue Devils managed to control big Fred Hetzel with a tight zone, the Wildcats went downhill fast. Jeff Mullins, with 29 points, led the charge that won for Duke 82–75. Obviously annoyed, Coach Lefty Driesell challenged Duke to play at Davidson next year. "They're yellow if they don't," he charged angrily.

This Was the Week That Was for Vanderbilt in the Southeastern Conference. GEORGIA TECH overtook the Commodores on Charlie Spooner's last-second tip-in and then beat them 75–71 in overtime. TENNESSEE also took Vandy, 64–62, with its disciplined ball control game and superb shooting by Danny Schultz, who flipped in 35 points. KENTUCKY, despite some fretful moments when Mississippi State got away from its double-teaming zone defense for easy layups, held off the Bulldogs 66–59 to share the SEC lead with Georgia Tech.

LOUISVILLE beat Xavier 97–91, but then was upset by SOUTHERN ILLINOIS 59–57. MIAMI, hammered hard by CREIGHTON 124–94, recovered to outscore Loyola of New Orleans 97–90 in overtime. MEMPHIS STATE, after thumping Florida State 84–71, lost to DAYTON 83–73.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (17-2) 2. DRAKE (17-4) 3. WICHITA (18-5)

Just a year ago DRAKE was wallowing in the Missouri Valley cellar, grateful for small favors and getting few indeed. Last week the Bulldogs led the MVC. They used a zone press to force Wichita into errors and beat the Shockers 64–63 with Billy Foster's 20-foot jumper at the buzzer. Three nights later Foster did it again, whipping North Texas 53–50 with another late basket. What happened to Drake? "Well," explained Coach Maurice John, "we've got some poise and some pride now."

WICHITA was still in the race, however. The Shockers thought they had beaten Cincinnati on Dave Stallworth's corner shot at the buzzer, but it was ruled too late. So they won again 59–58, in overtime on another Stallworth shot.

Gary Bradds, OHIO STATE's thin man, had the Big Ten jumping. Breaking away from two and sometimes three defenders, he shot in 49 points to beat Illinois 110–92, then added 40 more in a 92–74 victory over Wisconsin. But no one was beating first-place MICHIGAN for the Bucks. Indiana tried, but jazzy Cazzie Russell and Bill Buntin were too much for the Hoosiers, and they lost 99–87.

The Big Eight race was tightening. While Oklahoma State stumbled on the road—over NEBRASKA 54–53 and IOWA STATE 50–48 in overtime—COLORADO and KANSAS STATE took over the lead. Colorado drubbed Oklahoma 86–65 and Nebraska 60–52; Willie Murrell led K-State past Missouri 89–79 in an extra period.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (18-2) 2. PROVIDENCE (18-3) 3. ST. BONAVENTURE (14-4)

While the good independents preened for tournament selectors, TEMPLE sneaked into the NCAA postseason scramble. With 6-foot-8 Jim Williams taking on La Salle's big boys two at a time and whirling away from them to snap up rebounds, block shots and shoot in 25 points, the Owls upset the Explorers 63–57 to win the Mid-Atlantic title.

VILLANOVA's Wally Jones, who was supposed to be out for two weeks to rest his torn hip muscle, was back for Duquesne. He scored 22 points, made the Dukes' Willie Somerset look like a nobody, and the Wildcats won 73–63. Jones got his team going against Canisius and then sat out the second half as Villanova romped 73–58.

PROVIDENCE, with its usual midseason perk-up, trounced Rhode Island 86–72 and Seton Hall 96–74 for its 12th straight, while ST BONAVENTURE whipped St. Joseph's 94–83. ARMY beat Rutgers 84–48 and St. John's 67–64, and PITT edged Syracuse 69–67. But NYU, after edging North Carolina 69–68, lost to GEORGETOWN 79–72. PRINCETON's smooth Bill Bradley scored 39 points against Dartmouth and 51 against Harvard for an Ivy League record as the Tigers won twice to share first place with YALE and PENN.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (19-2) 2. TEXAS TECH (11-6) 3. TEXAS A&M (12-6)

One of the biggest things in Texas basketball last week was Texas A&M's lead over TEXAS TECH at half time. It was a comfortable 19 points and the first-place Aggies were happily contemplating an early clinching of the Southwest Conference title. But Tech came out pressing hard in the second half, and soon A&M's advantage began to dwindle. With seven seconds to go, it was down to nothing. Then Texas Tech's Glen Hallum picked off an Aggie pass and fed the ball to Sid Wall, who plunked in a soft jumper to win for the Raiders 84–82 and put them into a tie for the SWC lead. Unhappily for Tech, it did not last long. Four days later TEXAS' somnambulant Longhorns, who earlier had roused themselves to beat Rice 98–90, surprised the Raiders 78–76. TEXAS A&M, meanwhile, routed Rice 79–67.

HOUSTON managed to beat Miami 93–83, but the Cougars lost to CINCINNATI 66–59 in overtime, and LOYOLA's quick gunners riddled them 98–68. TEXAS WESTERN however, won easily, over Denver 62–48.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (21-0) 2. OREGON STATE (21-3) 3. UTAH STATE (17-3)

The Big Six family, thoroughly intimidated by unbeaten UCLA's amazing competence (*see page 42*), was just about ready to concede the championship to the Bruins. Washington became the latest believer after losing to UCLA 73–58 and 88–60. STANFORD and CALIFORNIA, tied for second place, split two games. Stanford won the first 69–57 but lost the second 59–52 when Cal, with 6-foot-10 Camden Wall sweeping the boards clean, unexpectedly speeded up its eat-and-mouse game to medium fast.

OREGON STATE, meanwhile, got hooked up in a doozie with Seattle. Down by 16 points with 13 minutes to play, State hardly looked like the best independent in the West. Seven-foot Mel Counts had four fouls on him, and the other shooters were cold. Then Coach Slats Gill put his Beavers into a rare full-court press. It worked wonders. Seattle began to bumble, Jim Jarvis started to hit with his jumpers, and Oregon State came on to win 76–72. UTAH STATE also had its troubles. Colorado State carried the Aggies into overtime before succumbing to big Wayne Estes' 14th basket (and 35th point), 85–84.

Utah, pried away from its cozy home court, where it had won 15 games, ventured into Arizona and came away crushed. First ARIZONA put down the Utes 85–72, then ARIZONA STATE beat them 71–65. All of which put NEW MEXICO, a 74–65 winner over Wyoming, into the Western AC lead. SAN FRANCISCO was beginning to draw away in the West Coast AC. The Dons beat Pepperdine 103–68 and Loyola of Los Angeles 102–59 for their 11th straight. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL SAN FRANCISCO continued to lead the Western Division of the NBA, splitting games with the Celtics and nipping the Pistons in overtime, the latter largely on Wilt Chamberlain's 50 points. ST. LOUIS edged half a game closer to first place with a pair of victories over the Knicks and the 76ers. Jerry West was back in form scoring 85 points, good but not good enough to prevent third-place LOS ANGELES from losing its pivotal three games to the Celtics. RAY FELLER, now three in a row, 176ers since Philadelphia traded him, remained Eastern hopelessly in fourth, five games behind the Hawks. DETROIT lost my games to nine different teams to secure its ninth-straight fifth-place seeding, high in every game. Targeting 1161 but never quite high enough. In the Western Division BOSTON's surface humdrum lead was getting uncomfortably short. The Celtics won three out of five games, nevertheless, saw their lead shrink to two over the surprising second-place Royals. CINCINNATI with Jerry Lucas and Oscar Robertson setting the style, extended its winning streak to 11 with victories over the Pistons, 76ers and Knicks. Direct PHILADELPHIA limped along in third place losing three out of four games. The victory was over Detroit, but even that record looked like a loss compared to the Knicks'. NEW YORK lost and lost and lost and lost. . . . Three nine-games last week, nine in a row in all. It tied the longest losing streak of the season set by—that's right, the poor old Knicks themselves.

BOATING Dick Dingman's SABRE won the 184-mile Miami-Nassau race, the fifth and final test in the SORC series. Overall race, the Nassau Cup, was canceled for lack of wind). But third-place CONQUISTADOR (140 feet, Clyde B. Aitken, owner-skippered by Luther Carlton III of San Francisco) edged *Sabre* for the SORC championship, 105 to 101.5 points. Joe C. Evans' *Dandelion* last year's champion, was third.

After 10 days under sail in winds ranging from light to near gale force, Achilles G. Bowen's 40-foot cutter CARTUSET won the overall title in the 1,430-mile San Diego-Acapulco ocean race. Howard Ahmanson's 83-foot sloop *Strian II* first over the finish line in the record-breaking time of 8 days 9 hours 15 minutes and 54.5 seconds, was runner-up in the corrected standings.

BOXING In the third defense of his world lightweight title, CARLOS ORTIZ at New York defeated Jimmy Lightweight Champion Flash Elorde of the Philippines by a 14th-round TKO in Manila's Araneta Coliseum.

World Welterweight Champion EMILE GRIFFITH of New York wasted little effort knocking out Ralph Dupas of New Orleans in the third round of a scheduled 15-round nontitle fight in Sydney, Australia.

DOG SHOW CH. COURTNAY LITTLE CODY DU PENNSYWORTH, a 3-year-old fawn-and-white whippet owned by Mrs. Charles B. Newcombe of Newington, N.H., was chosen best-in-show from among 2,547 dogs at the Westminster Kennel Club competition in New York's Madison Square Garden. "I'm never sure a bitch will win," said Judge Lon Carey after choosing the first of the breed to win the 88-year-old show. "But she's all whippet. Other finalists: a boxer, a pointer, a poodle, a Scottish terrier and a Malteses (see *page 2*)."

GOLF Competing against cold and winds in the final round of the $110,000 Tucson Open, JACKY CUPIT shot a nine-under-par 71 to win his first tournament since 1962 with a low 72-hole score of 274.

In Venezuela former Masters winner ART WALL came from behind in the final round (71-71) to win the Maracaibo Open with a 280 total.

HOCKEY MONTREAL and CHICAGO each won two of three games to remain in a gram-brest place tie. The Canadiens defeated the Maple Leafs 4-0 for Charlie Hodge's fifth shutout this season in two weeks and then powered the Red Wings 5-2 on Jean Beliveau's hat trick while the Black Hawks defeated the less formidable Rangers and Bruins. Inconsistent TORONTO beat the Black Hawks 4-0 (Johnny Bower's fourth shutout) for its only victory of the week and its third win in 15 games, but two losses left the Maple Leafs just four points in front of resurgent DETROIT. The Red Wings won two games to extend their winning streak to five before losing to the Carolinas' Nordic Howe, who had scored only two goals in the Red Wings' previous 12 games, came to life with two apiece in consecutive wins over the Rooms (4-1) and the Canadiens (4-1). Hapless NEW YORK added a fifth defeat to its losing streak (longest since November) before breaking it with a 4-2 win over the Maple Leafs, while hopeless BOSTON dropped its only two games (and scored in no danger of moving out of the cellar).

HORSE RACING California-bred HILL RISE (56-20) Don Pierce up, moved out Wil Rail and Real Timed Deal in a tight finish to win the $61,450 San Felipe Handicap for 3-year-olds at Santa Anita.

Joseph M. Roebling's 6-year-old RAINY LAKE ($5.80) with Bob Ussery aboard took the lead in the stretch and won the $32,250 Palm Beach Handicap, his first stakes victory, by a length over Royal Ascot at Hialeah.

SKIING Competing against the best Olympic skiers in the Garmisch (Germany) Kandahar races, JIM HELGA at Tahoe City, Calif., took the combined championship, winning the slalom and finishing second in the giant slalom behind Frances Jean-Claude Killy. Another Frenchman, Leo Lacroix, was runner-up for the combined title. MARIELLE GOITSCHEL of France, who was second to Annie Jean Saubert in the slalom and to Austria's Edith Zimmermann in the giant slalom, won the women's combined trophy. Miss Saubert finished in the giant slalom I was runner-up.

TENNIS CHUCK McKINLEY and DENNIS RALSTON lined up for the national indoor championships this week with victories in Eastern tournaments. McKinley edged U.S. Champion Rafael Osuna 3-8, 9-7, 4-6, 6-3 in the finals of the Philadelphia Invitational and Ralston easily beat USC teammate Tom Edlefsen to win the Buffalo Invitational for the second year in a row.

TRACK & FIELD At the New York Athletic Club meet, TOM O'HARA of Clarion would indoor record for the mile, circling the board track in 4 minutes 3:56.6 (*see page 46*). O'Hara broke a brick early (3:01.8), but the three-quarter mark at 3:01.6 then seemed through a remarkable 55-final quarter. Bowls by Illinois, third at the Irish. O'Hara said: "I think I can do 3:54 indoors and 3:52 outdoors." Other NYAC winners: BOB HAYES (60-yard dash, 06-second world record), WENDELL MOTLEY (440-yard run, 48.3), BILL CROTHERS (half mile, 1:50.8) and BRUCE KIDD (two miles, 8:42.0).

Other meets in Louisville, Villanova's two-mile relay team set a new indoor record at 7:25. The team: Jimmy Orr (1:51.9), Al Adams (1:55.6), Tom Stump (1:49.5) and Noel Carroll (1:49.2). In San Francisco, Jim Beatty, making his first appearance of the indoor season, ran a dismal 4:13.4 mile, finishing third. And in Auckland, New Zealand, Peter Snell, world record holder in the mile, also finished a poor third, 3½ yards behind John Davies, who was timed at 4:02.5. Chances for an all-out U.S. gold medal in Tokyo were looking up.

MILEPOSTS APPOINTED: STAN MUSIAL, 41, St. Louis Cardinal vice president who retired last fall after 22 years as a star player, by President Lyndon Johnson to succeed Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson as head of the national physical fitness program. "I am proud to have Stan the Man' always was to his friends, family, the Cards and most of all to himself," said the President.

DIED: KENNETH D. HUBBS, 35, the Chicago Cubs' gifted second baseman and National League Rookie of the Year in 1962, when his private plane crashed near Provo, Utah. Hubbs, who had received his pilot's license just two weeks ago, was flying home to Colton, Calif., after playing in a church-sponsored basketball tournament in Provo.

DIED: PATRICK J. RYAN, 81, who earned a gold medal for the U.S. in hammer throw (173 feet 5½ inches) at the 1920 Olympics in Limerick, Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



FACES IN THE CROWD



DIANE RUEBER, a Laguna (Calif.) housewife and mother who in four years of bowling with her husband in the Lutheran Mixed League had an unimpressive 131 average, rolled a 300 game to tie as the lowest average league bowler ever to record a perfect score.



TED FONTELIEU, a cable executive from Westport, Conn., won the Thistle class winter sailing championships in St. Petersburg, Fla. without finishing first in a single race. His 2-3-6-3-7 record for the five-race series earned him the highest point total in the 41-boat fleet.



CHIP HAYES of Ann Arbor, Mich., center on the Dartmouth College hockey team, scored three goals in each of two successive victories—8-0 over Middlebury and 7-1 over Defending Ivy League Champion Harvard—to put his team on top of the league standings.



BOB LAMB, 31, a Pauls Valley (Okla.) hired dog trainer and handler, watched his prize pupil The Untouchable, a 4-year-old pointer dog owned by P. B. Blanchard, take the all-age title in the Continental Championship field trials over 72 other dogs in Quitman, Ga.



PHIL ARGENTO, a 6-foot senior guard on Cleveland's West High basketball team, personally scored the same number of points as the entire opposing team in a 102-66 defeat of Cleveland's South High. He made 26 field goals and 14 free throws for his 66-point total.



MILT STREET, 50, a New Hampshire legislature assistant clerk who has competed in squash racquets tournaments since college but never won a U.S. national title, teamed with Paul Ouimet of Montreal to take the U.S. Senior Doubles Championships in New York.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE FITZGERALD SYSTEM

Sirs:

Gerald Holland's article on Fritz Crisler, the "inventor" of the two-platoon system (*The Man Who Changed Football*, Feb 3), sent me scurrying back to the biography of one of Princeton's most distinguished students. Sure enough, on page 237 of *Scott Fitzgerald* by Andrew Turnbull we find the documentation that establishes the author of *The Great Gatsby*, etc as the true pioneer of the system.

One night in 1933, insomniac Fitzgerald spent the long evening hours making several calls to Asa Bushnell, then Princeton's graduate athletic manager. At 3 a.m. Bushnell heard a lively voice say: "Get a pencil and paper, I have some suggestions for Fritz Crisler. Yale will be laying for us. . . . Crisler's got to cross them up. Here's how he does it. Princeton must have two teams. One will be big—all men over two hundred. This team will be used to batter them down and wear them out. Then the little team, the pony team, will go in and make the touchdowns. . . . The big team will be coached on defense. . . . Little team will be coached on offense, great variety of plays. Substitutions to be made as a unit."

Bushnell passed this along to Crisler, then Princeton's coach. Crisler wrote Fitzgerald that he saw value in his plan, but would adopt it only if he could label it "the Fitzgerald system" and that the inventor take full responsibility for its success or failure.

Did Crisler remember this wild brainstorm of a football-crazy novelist 12 years later when, as chairman of the NCAA Football Rules Committee, he was instrumental in gaining acceptance of a form of "the Fitzgerald system"?

BERT MANGEL

Beechhurst, N.Y.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sent copies of Reader Mangel's comments to both Crisler and Asa Bushnell, now commissioner of the Eastern College Athletic Conference. Following are their replies.—ED.

Sirs:

I well remember the frequent telephone calls from Scott Fitzgerald that came any time during the night before big games, advising me what strategy should be used the following day.

Before a Harvard game he proposed the use of two teams, one composed of big black ants, the other of the small red variety. As noted by Bert Mangel, Fitzgerald proposed the use of a brawn team and a pony team to humble Yale. His idea was to adopt the Rockne practice of using shock troops to exhaust the energies of Harvard and Yale in preparation for the *coup de grâce* to be administered by the red ants and the ponies.

I do not recall any suggestion that units be employed offensively and defensively. I never associated the so-called "Fitzgerald system" with platoon football.

H. O. (FRITZ) CRISLER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

My good friend Scott Fitzgerald made numberless nocturnal telephone calls, not a few of them to me. The purport of many of them I have forgotten; but not of those mentioned by Fitzgerald's acute biographer, Andrew Turnbull. Those calls came to me at my home in Princeton, three of them, all during the small hours of a single night in October 1933. Scott had evolved a plan to assure a Tiger win over Yale a fortnight later. There were three calls instead of one because the scheme gained new features as its author continued to cogitate upon it.

Came the morning, with no fourth call ensuing. At the Princeton athletic office, where we were both based, I related the Fitzgerald design for victory to Fritz Crisler, then in the second of six years of highly proficient coaching at Old Nassau. He and I colored Scott orange and black for loyal interest, but Crisler proceeded to achieve victory over the Elis (27-2) by placing greater reliance upon players Fairman, Ceppi, Lane, Kadlic, Constable and LeVan than upon strategist Fitzgerald.

If memory isn't tricking me, Scott's plan didn't actually entail use of two full teams as the prototypes of football's later double platoons. What he advocated was frequent interchange of two separate backfields, one swift, the other devastatingly powerful. The real secret of success was to be some unorthodox maneuvers by the swifties. Scott didn't explain how the essentially frequent and hence illegal substitutions of the interchangeable backfields could be manipulated, even by a future chairman of the Football Rules Committee.

Scott Fitzgerald had indelible influence upon his time, and upon the literature of those and subsequent years. But even as a staunch fan of his I can find no evidence that he made his mark also upon the game of football. He doesn't look to me like the grandfather of the two-platoon system.

ASA S. BUSHNELL

New York City

FIELDING'S FIELD

Sirs:

I protest. The Michigan Stadium is not a monument to Fritz Crisler, and I mean to take nothing from that fine gentleman. It was conceived by another great Michigan athletic director and former coach, Fielding H. Yost.

Yost found the location for it, and when the bankers wanted to charge what he thought was too much interest on the bonds he offered them to the alumni at only 3% interest. Everyone said that he was crazy, but if you owned a bond for a few years you were privileged to buy, at the regular price, two seats within the 35-yard lines. The bonds sold like hot cakes.

Furthermore, it is only a football stadium. There is no running track to require the end seats to be pushed way back from the end zones—another Yost idea. They ran into springs while digging it out. Yost piped the water across the road to water the fairways on the university golf course.

The stadium is only one of many monuments in Ann Arbor to Fielding Yost. And because of revenue that it provided, the Yost idea of "athletics for all" became a reality. Oddly enough, neither Yost nor Crisler, who have epitomized Michigan athletics for over 60 years, were University of Michigan graduates.

FINLEY B. RIGGS

Santa Ana, Calif.

ECLIPSE?

Sirs:

Congratulations to Morton Sharnik for his fine article, *The Four Who Baffled Liston* (Feb. 10). The current myth that Sonny Liston is unbeatable is obviously based upon Sonny's last three fights, which, if put together, wouldn't be longer than a few rounds. I was even beginning to accept the myth as fact until I read your article. Mr. Sharnik has given us a refreshing change of viewpoint.

CURTIS ALLEN

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

I'd especially like to see Marshall or McCarter get a shot at the crown. Maybe soon we will see a "total eclipse of the Sonny!"

MARK B. BITTMAN

New York City

Sirs:

I disagree with the implications in Morton Sharnik's article. In his attempt to pinpoint Liston's weaknesses, he has forgotten one important fact: Liston has been beaten only once professionally. The first Liston-Marshall fight was no fluke, neither were the second and third of these encounters.

As I see it, Liston beat Marshall twice while losing only once. Mr. Whitehurst lost both times and, as I remember, the bell saved him once as he was knocked through the ropes. Eddie Machen was so busy dodging Liston's punches that he never had a

continued

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chance at winning. Jim McCarter was able to spar with the champion without getting knocked down.

Sharnik admitted that Liston fought differently then than he would have in a championship fight. But he has forgotten that a fighter tries to win. Liston has such a reputation that people feel that anything less than a knockout is a defeat. The fact remains that, though Liston has been baffled often, he has been beaten only once.

LAWRENCE MANDELLSIR

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Put Marty Marshall, Burt Whitehurst, Eddie Machen and Jim McCarter all in the same ring against Champion Sonny Liston, and the winner at the end would be, of course, Sonny Liston! Don't knock the champ!

DENNIS R. HENDLEY

Milwaukee

BACKCOURT

Sirs:

Congratulations for John Underwood's excellent article on Wally Jones and Villanova (*Ball's Cue: "Sidney! Sidney!"* Feb. 10).

Villanova should surely be ranked higher than sixth in the nation. Davidson, which is ahead of Villanova and has the same record, is a disgrace to the top 10. They play schools that a small college team should play. Villanova plays big-time teams. Kentucky also shouldn't be up there. Their only player is Cotton Nash who scores all his points by just getting under the basket and getting all the missed shots. He never scores from outside. Kentucky makes sure that every team on their schedule is a small team. If they ever played a tall team they'd get killed. Why don't they schedule a game with Villanova! They're a short team. If they did, they'd get routed.

RICHARD SPECTER

Elkins Park, Pa.

Sirs:

All you hear these days are reports on how tough UCLA's Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich are—mainly because UCLA is ranked No. 1 in the nation. And now comes Wally Jones of Villanova. Well, we at Utah feel that our fine team deserves more recognition and especially our two scrappy guards, Doug (Moon Shot) Moon and Skip (Bad-ball Barney) Kroeger. Moon and Kroeger have consistently got the job done when needed. They handled a little guard from Villanova, completely dominated two fine guards from Cincinnati and have met some of the finest players in the country so far this season and come out on top.

If Utah's Runnin' Redskins are fortunate enough to win the Western Athletic Conference (which by comparing records on outside competition is one of the toughest, if not the toughest conference in the nation), perhaps the two teams will meet in the NCAA regional playoffs in Oregon early next month. Then perhaps we will see which team deserves the praise, and which backcourt combination is tougher. If the game is played, you can be sure that Moon Shot and Bad-ball Barney will hold their own, and then some!

BUD PATTERSON

Salt Lake City

TOUGH AMERICANS

Sirs:

Before the Olympics it was fashionable to talk of the Tough Americans, those well-trained, capable, well-coached amateur athletes we were sending to the IX Winter Games at Innsbruck.

The week the games began it was suddenly equally fashionable to cry out against those same Tough Americans: those poorly performing, carousing, poorly trained or overly trained, incorrectly clothed or too warmly clad, too well-fed or hungry amateurs who couldn't, apparently, make the pro ranks.

Local TV viewers, sports-page readers, sports columnists and even TV commentators were suddenly searching high and low for a gold medal, and when only one was forthcoming the commentators' faces grew grimmer, the sportswriters wrote page upon page of copy about our unsubsidized competitors and the local listeners raged. Everyone counts up Russian medals, notes our lack and acts like democracy, the American way of life, liberty, justice and American motherhood have all suffered a crushing defeat—at the hands of Russia, Avery Brundage and goodness knows what else.

Well, I'm tired of it! Have we come to feel that all competitions must be won—or we have nothing?

Have we gone so far down the primrose path of material creature comfort that we are unable to recognize and give credit to those who have not, those who are dedicating themselves to doing their best?

I especially felt deep pride when I watched our hockey team: men who have been willing to put aside their private lives for the months they have trained. I know it takes years of playing together to make a team. So do they. They undoubtedly knew they had little chance by beginning in the late fall to play together as a team. But even with little chance they were willing to get out of a comfortable home or pleasant fraternity house to forgo nightly TV, soft gooey desserts and all the other things we think so vital to a "good life," to present themselves, instead, to a grinding schedule so they could represent their country.

Tough Americans? You bet they are!

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